OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOL. 159—No. 18

DECEMBER 30, 1931

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—*Theodore Roosevelt*

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Portrait of Joe Robinson, Senate Leader
By Charles Morrow Wilson

Senator Robinson has been defeated in only one election in forty years — when he ran for Vice President on Al Smith's ticket. The story of a dry Democrat who is invincible in Arkansas.

Rabelais on the Newsstands
By Henry F. Pringle

An article on the phenomenal growth of a new type of magazine now being sold by millions.

Exclusion and Deportation
By Thomas Drayton Parker

Despite our immigration bars, thousands of undesirable aliens are being bootlegged into the country and we cannot deport many of those apprehended because their own countries won't have them back. A discussion by an authority.

Is Grand Opera Dying?
By Thomas Chalmers

Opera will pass unless it adopts new methods, says this former star of the operatic stage.

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WITH OUR READERS

"Killer Instinct"

To the Editor: *San Antonio, Texas.*

SIR—Under the caption "Mexican Jumping Beans" in your issue of December 9, 1931, Mr. George Trevor makes an unjust and unfounded statement against Latins, to wit: "a verve typically Latin. They have the 'killer instinct'." I am obliged to reply to this unjust statement because being of Latin origin I am proud of the excellent and unsurpassed qualities of the Latin race, such as: courteous, hospitable, human, kind, and most of all, we do not possess the "killer-instinct." Has it ever occurred to Mr. Trevor that the Anglo-Saxons possess the killing instinct more than any other group of men in the world? If you don't think so, read a few incidents of the last war. And if this is not enough, read the daily papers and see how many killers are of Latin origin who commit the cold-blooded atrocities that occur daily. I have traveled and lived in many Latin countries and have never carried a pistol. I have felt safe in their jungles and highways. I am not taking the part of any special Latin group, I am condemning Mr. Trevor's reference to the Latins in general. If Mr. Trevor would come in contact with Latin people and read unbiased books about their countries, customs, etc., etc., I am sure he would change his opinion.

TIMOTHY SAPIA-BOSCH.

Holy Cross vs. Boston College

To the Editor: *New York*

SIR—My attention has been called to an article in your issue of December 9th under the heading "Amateur Sports."

The article did an injustice to the two colleges involved. As attorney for Holy Cross College I have arranged for the printing of a retraction by all papers which assumed to cast reflections upon the colleges whenever such articles were brought to my attention. All such papers were glad to correct the false impression which they had originally conveyed, and I am sure that you will be willing to do the same thing.

You undoubtedly received your information from the same source from which the papers received theirs, and that was from dispatches from Boston the day after the game. Those dispatches stated that the teams had been guaranteed $30,000 each and that there was a deficit of $21,000.

The fact is that there was no guarantee of one cent to the colleges involved and there was no deficit. The game was the regular annual game between the two colleges, transferred to Harvard Stadium at the request of the Boston City authorities so that all proceeds over and above the receipts from 32,000 tickets would go to the unemployment fund. This game had always been played on the Saturday after Thanksgiving because the colleges themselves felt that Thanksgiving Day in Boston was not a good day for a football game. The colleges were willing, however, to transfer their game in order to at least make an effort to help the unemployment fund. Their average attendance for the past ten years had been 37,000. The colleges had already printed their tickets for the Saturday game, and they had every reason to expect that at least 37,000 would have attended the game if it had been played on Saturday. They cancelled the tickets already printed, got out of their contract with the owner of Fenway Park upon a settlement of $15,000 and offered to the city authorities all proceeds over and above the receipts from 32,000 tickets. If the attendance had been as large as the city authorities hoped, the colleges therefore would have given to charity the receipts of 5,000 tickets or $15,000.

You probably did not realize these facts when you wrote your article. Nor did you realize that these two colleges were probably the only two colleges in the country which were willing to even consider donating any of the proceeds of a regularly scheduled game to the unemployment fund. You know, if you read the papers, that New York University in this city and Harvard and other colleges absolutely refused, when it was suggested to them, to give any part of the proceeds of a regularly scheduled game to charity. Their plea was that they needed those proceeds in order to pay for the different athletic activities of the colleges. To a greater degree these colleges were dependent upon the proceeds of their annual game which was the only game which netted to either college any substantial amount.

I am sure that you do not wish to be unjust to those two colleges and that you will endeavor to counteract in some measure the harm which was done by your original article.

JOSEPH F. MURRAY.

[Ed. Note: The OUTLOOK is glad to make the correction and retraction.]

Illogical Liberals

To the Editor: *Moberly, Missouri.*

SIR—A citizen of thoughtful mien is able to derive a great deal of amusement from the disappointment of the liberal and conservative press over the fact that the National Hunger March did not terminate in a gory riot, or at least net a few cracked skulls. Presumably the decorous manner of the Communists should militate in their favor, but not so; it earns them ridicule and abuse. They bit no policemen on the leg, though certainly the provocation was ample. The Capitol was flanked by sawed-off shot guns and other implements of warfare; the Hunger Marchers were denied every important objective of their crusade, yet they desisted from mayhem and slaughter. So the journalists may not rebuke them, but turn to wisecracks. *Vide* your own comment on the incident.

A movement that can muster 1,600 men from all points of the compass bids fair to assume significance if it has not already achieved it. It will not be subdued by sophomoric wit from the press. It is invariably thus. As long as the liberal is dealing with the abstract, with graphs and charts, he is suave and sure of himself; but in the face of any sort of mass movement or protest from the nethermost strata of society, he becomes as voluble in defense of "the system" as Senator Fess, and as illogical. Your inept humor merely masks good old-fashioned red-faced indignation, and I fancy that many of your conservative readers will recognize this.

JACK CONROY.

Lawrence a Spoofer?

To the Editor: *Tarentum, Pa.*

SIR—Dean Swift's suggestion that the aristocracy of England cultivate a taste for Irish babies, as a cure for overpopulation of Ireland, is on a par with the suggestion of Colonel Lawrence that America undertake the extermination of Armenians.

I never heard of an Englishman taking the good Dean seriously, but several of your readers seem to think that Colonel Lawrence really meant it.

Is it any wonder that Englishmen think that Americans lack a sense of humor?

JAMES BOND.

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

The Trend of the Week

The Year at a Glance

SMEDLEY D. BUTLER tells a tale on Mussolini and Congress permits the veterans to borrow a billion. The navy displays the Akron and a suit is filed to save Mickey Mouse from imitators. Huey Long proposes that potlicker be made our national drink and U. S. Steel hits 35. The Prince of Wales turns traveling salesman, Nevada legalizes gambling games and six-week divorces, Alfonso abdicates, Anton Cermak licks Big Bill Thompson and Laval, Grandi and Prajadhipok visit the United States. Secretary Joslin begins to humanize Hoover.

Eight Marines are killed in a Nicaraguan ambuscade and *Ballyhoo* is born. President Hoover endorses merger plan for Eastern railroads and food riots rage in Arkansas. Connecticut makes Tunney an honorary major, declining stocks discourage Tom Thumb rallies, the nation forgets streamlines for breadlines, the Wickersham wets turn in a dry report and a million cubic feet of rock slip off the face of Niagara Falls. The New York *World* folds up.

The Harding tomb is dedicated and Al Smith opens his Empire State Building. Germany abandons projected customs union with Austria and Capone is convicted. Fall goes to jail, Herndon and Pangborn fly the Pacific, brokers smoke five-cent cigars, the Lindberghs leave the baby at home and wine comes in bricks. Gandhi visits Buckingham Palace in a loincloth.

And—

POPE PIUS declares against birth control and restaurants sell all you can eat for sixty cents. The moratorium is instituted and Rudy Vallee marries. Forty-one football players are killed, the federal deficit is $903,000,000, Eugénie hats come and go and America becomes conscious of cellophane. The Farm Board asks cotton planters to plow under every third row.

Thomas Edison, Nicholas Longworth and Dwight Morrow are mourned and Britain abandons the gold standard, imposes tariffs and goes Conservative. Mexico joins the League of Nations, which fails to make Japan get out of Manchuria, and a large national drive is started for small local relief funds. Spain disestablishes the church and Bishop Cannon is indicted. Schmeling beats Stribling, St. Louis takes the World Series, Southern California breaks Notre Dame's winning streak and the President is awarded a decision over some man by the name of Gardiner. Elections are wet and Democratic.

Lenz and Culbertson put their cards on the table and Mr. Hoover announces plans for central banks. Wheat sells for forty-five cents a bushel and the Supreme Court reverses Judge Clark's opinion that the Eighteenth Amendment is unconstitutional. Charlie Curtis decides to seek reëlection, Calvin Coolidge doesn't choose to, Senator Johnson asks Hoover not to and Colonel House comes out for Franklin Roosevelt. Ford and the steel companies reduce wages.

Germany, with *Hochs* for Hitler, formally moves for reparations relief and Mayor Walker pleads for Mooney. Maude Adams returns to the stage and the Democrats organize the House. New York children die in gang warfare, Secretary Mellon declares that taxes must be raised, the Farm Board's losses mount toward $200,000,000 and unemployment constantly increases. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., says he "never felt better" and wishes the world a Happy New Year.

Slogans for Democrats

THE *Pathfinder Magazine* recently conducted a contest for the best Democratic slogan for the political campaign of 1932. First prize, $100, was won by the following: "Hee! Haw! We're coming back." Second prize, $25, was won by the following: "Vote Democratic and eat regularly." Third prize, $10, was won by the following: "If we want a change for the better, we'd better make a change." The judges of this contest were Senators Copeland of New York, Sheppard of Texas and Dill of Washington. No, you're wrong, and that's the amazing part of it—these gentlemen are not Republicans. They're actually Democrats themselves.

Vituperation

IT IS a healthy sign, this ability of commentators to discriminate between valid criticism of President Hoover and such irresponsible abuse as that recently uttered by Representative Louis T. McFadden, Pennsylvania Republican. Mr. McFadden's charge that the President

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GOVERNOR MURRAY

had virtually plotted to betray the United States for the benefit of Germany and a group of international bankers met with strong and immediate censure. In Congress and out, the Democrats promptly and wisely disassociated themselves from this nonsense. In Congress and out, the Republicans threatened to read McFadden out of the party.

Mr. McFadden declared that Mr. Hoover's moratorium moves "savored more of the ways of an Oriental potentate drunk with power than the conduct proper for a President of the United States." He insisted that Mr. Hoover had no authority to arrange a moratorium under his oath of office and that "it was a violation of his oath." He charged that, prior to the announcement of the moratorium, "Germany had to be saturated with American money. Mr. Hoover himself had to be elected, because the scheme began before he became President. If the German bankers of Wall Street had not had this job waiting to be done, Herbert Hoover would never have been elected President of the United States." All this and more may be stricken from the *Congressional Record*—as has been done with other McFadden utterances—but that will not make it any less offensive.

Charges of this sort should be made against the President only under very definite conditions. In the first place, they should not be made unless the person making them is able to present sound evidence to support them. In the second place, they should not be made unless the person making them intends them to constitute the first step in proceedings for impeachment. Mr. McFadden has no such ability and no such intention. His charges are therefore unforgivable.

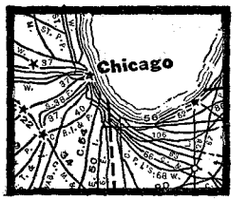
▸▸*Alfalfa Bill's Defeat*

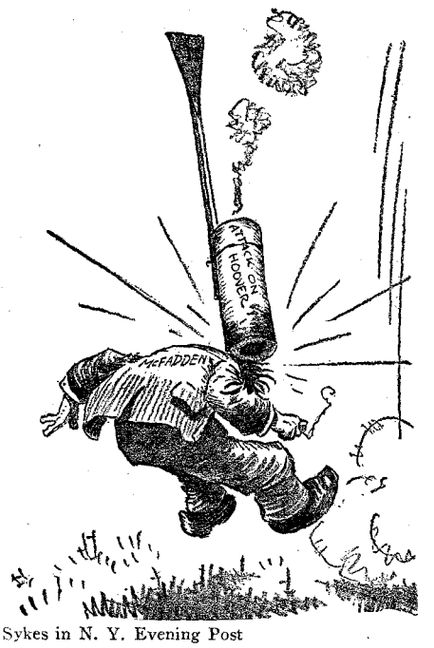
THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY cannot be blamed for rejoicing over the defeat Oklahoma voters have administered to the economic program sponsored by Governor Alfalfa Bill Murray. There is no national significance, of course, in the program itself, which embraces measures for free textbooks, revision of income tax laws, forfeiture to the state of certain corporation lands and changes in budgetary methods. The effect of the defeat, however, is important, for it reduces Alfalfa Bill's prestige.

His prestige would have been correspondingly increased had his measures received the majorities the Governor predicted when he carried them to the people over the opposition of the state legislature. A thumping personal victory could easily have turned his Middle Western popularity, which has grown surprisingly in the last year, into an impressive movement toward the Democratic nomination for vice-president. This would have been extremely embarrassing to the Democratic party. Discouraged at the national convention, a strong vice-presidential boom for Governor Murray might create much ill-will in the West, which already thinks of him in terms of the Presidency. If the boom succeeded it would be more embarrassing still. Murray's name on the national ticket might spell Democratic disaster in the East. Possibly the East could overlook his dryness, but it could never overlook his political resemblance to Bryan. His nomination for vice-president would be an answer to the Republican prayer for a major Democratic error.

▸▸*Chicago Gets It*

TO HOLD a state in line in November, hold a national convention therein in June, says the old political superstition. Regularly, unfailingly, it bobs up every four years, as it did on December 15 when Senator Glenn and Colonel Robert Isham Randolph successfully urged the Republican National Committee to stage the next Republican convention in Chi-





Sykes in N. Y. Evening Post

SUCCESSFUL, IN ONE WAY

cago. Come to Chicago, the committeemen were told, and make sure of Illinois. Doubtless they heard the same story when in 1912 they met in Chicago and lost Illinois and in 1896 when they met in St. Louis and lost Missouri.

Judging strictly by the record, the arguments against the vote-pulling properties of a national convention are just about as strong as those in favor of them. Since 1896 the Republicans have failed twice, while the Democrats have failed six times, to carry the states in which they held their conventions. Quite aside from the record, moreover, the *con* arguments sound more plausible than the *pro*. Hotel men, restaurateurs and bootleggers excluded, citizens of a convention city get nothing from the meeting save, perhaps, the conviction that it is a sleepy or sorry spectacle and that they might do well to vote for the other party. Instead of meeting in states with big electoral votes the parties would be well advised to meet where there are no electoral votes at all, in the Philippines, say, or the District of Columbia, or Hawaii or Guam.

▸▸*Plea for Poker*

AS FAR as we are concerned, the Lenz-Culbertson bridge matches have aroused nothing more or less than nostalgia. Remembered are the husky men who could sneer at this cool, calculating, clerk-like game of seven-minute waits played in evening clothes for the benefit of charity—and for publicity. For them it was the thump of hard money on the

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table, the ringing "Raise you five bucks," the exhilarating filly filled. How shall we bring them back? How replace the

SIDNEY LENZ

soft speech and built-in ashtrays with the idioms of Captain Flagg in an atmosphere of spittoons, beer bottles, cigar butts and blue chips rolling on the green? Perhaps by imitating, certainly not by condemning, the ways of bridge. We must have poker systems, poker experts, poker magazines and schools of poker thought. Above all, there must be problems—problems of poker. Once there are problems, there will be systems, then more problems and more systems. Here, then, is problem No. 1:

North is sitting in a $5-limit game. The ante is two-bits, Jacks opening. North holds a pair of bullets and draws three ladies. It's North's time to bet. What is he to do? Diagram of play follows:

Player	Opening	Drawing	Betting
NE	Opened for $1	Drew 3	Passed
E	Stayed	Drew 1	Bet $2
SE	Folded	.....	.....
S	Stayed	Drew 2	Called
SW	Folded	.....	.....
W	Stayed	Drew 2	Raised $5
NW	Stayed	Drew 1	Called
N	Stayed	Drew 3	?

What is North to do? Not just what, but "what" and "why." On what system? Systems are what count. Without them you have no Culbertsons. Systems must be the foundations of any sport able to take the spotlight off Congress.

▸▸*Contrast*

Courts and laws never bothered the late "Legs" Diamond much. What bothered him was the enemies he made in the underworld. Five separate times underworld guns poured bullets into him —some fourteen slugs in all. The last three entered his head as he lay asleep in Albany on the morning of December 18 and left his amazing powers of recovery no further room to operate. But not since he reached his majority had he been seriously troubled by courts and laws. In 1914 he was imprisoned for burglary, in 1919 for grand larceny and desertion from the army. Thereafter, though regularly arrested on serious charges, he was as regularly freed until a few months ago, when a federal court sentenced him to four years in prison for running a still—a sentence from which he appealed and which he hoped to beat. Two kidnapping cases brought against him by the state this year ended in acquittals, the latter, significantly enough, but a few hours before he was killed.

The emphatic contrast between the efficiency of the underworld and the inefficiency of the upperworld in dealing with Diamond speaks for itself. Having become anathema to both worlds, he was finally snuffed out by the former, while he mocked the latter to the last. The underworld proved sensationally powerful, the upperworld sensationally powerless, in this instance as both have done in similar instances during the past decade, and the upshot is another smashing defeat for the forces of law and order. Seven months ago Attorney General Bennett of New York, investigating the Diamond gang's activities in the Catskills, said he was astonished to note how many potential witnesses were "absolutely afraid to tell their experiences with gangsters." There was really nothing astonishing about it even then. And with Diamond removed from society, not by courts but by soft-nosed bullets, even Mr. Bennett must admit there is nothing astonishing about it now.

▸▸*Aim of Republican Wets*

Some of the current Republican manœuvres can be understood only by realizing that many Republican Senators and Representatives are determined to save their own political lives regardless of what happens to Hoover. Looking out for themselves alone, they evaluate their actions, not in relation to their effect on the national ticket or their reception by the nation at large, but in relation to their own candidacies and their reception by their own constituencies. Convinced that the party ship is about to sink and take the captain down with it, they devote their time to preparing lifeboats for themselves.

Of all groups within the Republican party, the wet one is the most inclined to pull away from Mr. Hoover. Because the President is an extreme dry, these Republican wets fear that too close association with him would hurt their chances in next year's elections, as, indeed, it would. Hence they are doing their utmost to dissociate themselves from him and to offset the growing public opinion, intensified by his dryness, that the only real wets are Democrats. Seen in this light, the organization of a bloc of Republican wets in the House is immediately understandable. So is their movement to write into the next Republican platform a plank for the resubmission of the Eighteenth Amendment to the states. The fact that the Anti-Saloon League has threatened to defeat any candidate who votes for resubmission pleases these Republicans more than it frightens them, for it tends to make their wetness prominent. It tends to attract attention to the fact that some Republicans individually are wets, and to distract attention from the fact that Republicans collectively are dry and that drys run the party.

▸▸*Cause for Dr. Wilson*

Has Clarence True Wilson of the Methodist Prohibition Board noticed the note of skepticism in recent comment on his mummy? Of course, it's not really Dr. Wilson's mummy. It's this way:

The story goes—one version goes,

Duffy in Baltimore Sun

SUDS FOR THE ELEPHANT

anyhow—that John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, was not killed in Bowling Green, Virginia, and buried in

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DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON

Baltimore, as history says, but that he escaped and, using the names John St. Helen and David St. George, eventually found his way to Enid, Oklahoma. There, just before his death, he confessed his identity to an undertaker, who, being a man of vision, preserved the body with embalming fluid. Eventually it was acquired by Finis L. Bates of Memphis and later by Mrs. Agnes Black of Chicago, both of whom used it as a side-show freak. Meanwhile it had aroused the enthusiasm of Dr. Wilson, who wrote a book declaring that it was Booth sure enough.

And so says a group of Chicago doctors, who have recently had the mummy under solemn observation. Among other things, the doctors say that they have discovered a ring in the mummy's stomach engraved with the letter "B." The skeptics, however, persist, pointing out that there have been lots of "John Wilkes Booths." The engraved ring, they say, reminds them that Louis T. ("Truthful") Stone, celebrated Winsted, Connecticut, newspaperman, once announced that a whale had been discovered in a nearby pond with the initials of Jonah carved on its tail.

If this silly cynicism is to be overcome, something must be done at once. The man to do it, of course, is Dr. Wilson. He knows the subject, he has the eloquence, he has the energy and he hasn't anything else to do. There's no use in his fighting for prohibition any more; that's a lost cause. Let Dr. Wilson transfer his powers of persuasion from the dead issue of Volsteadism to the live issue of the mummy. Otherwise the skeptics may prevail and a misled people may refuse to repose further confidence, not only in prohibition, but in the very mummy itself.

▸▸Shorts as Goats

THE authorities of the New York Stock Exchange must be charged with an error of judgment. On December 16 they published a set of statistics concerning the short selling of securities, statistics intended to quash the demand, in and out of Congress, for the abolition, or at least for the strict limitation, of short sales. Unhappily, however, these figures were not complete even for the period they covered—May 25 to November 30. They did not include two highly important types of short selling, "in and out" selling—*i. e.*, short sales covered before the end of the day—and selling "against the box"—*i. e.*, short sales of securities owned outright. Hence the figures proved worse than no figures at all. Instead of silencing opponents of short selling, they stirred up suspicions and encouraged fresh attacks.

It would be most unfortunate if the current agitation against short selling should lead to a congressional investigation of the subject, as proposed in the resolution sponsored by Senator Capper. For a congressional investigation in these times of widespread apprehension and anxiety would tend to destroy public confidence in the stock exchanges, with untold injury to the innumerable holders of stocks and bonds. Furthermore, no lasting good could come from an investigation of short selling by hostile Congressmen out to make Wall Street bears the goats for the failure of Republican prosperity. That the inquiry would be of this character is suggested by the recent statements of its principal advocate. "I am definitely of the opinion," says Senator Capper, "that short selling has been a major cause of prolonging the depression."

If the stock exchange wishes to avoid an investigation it would do well to assemble and publish a complete record of all short sales. Otherwise panicky Congressmen backed by panicky constituents may do great injury not only to the stock exchanges but to the country at large.

▸▸Ghost Story

AS TO THAT GHOST in the Mansion House, residence of the Lord Mayor of London, we are happy to report that we can explain it. Scotland Yard need not be notified. It was a case for Sherlock Holmes, and, being intimately familiar with his methods, we solved the whole thing quickly and quietly without moving from our chair.

The story is this: The Lady Mayoress has been so upset by weird choking noises, groans, sighs and gurgles audible in the Mansion House that she was unable to attend a public dinner. And the solution is this: The Mansion House is an old, historic house, isn't it? Then it stands to reason that there is a secret panel opening into a secret passage. Dick Whittington probably used it for his cat. Undoubtedly this panel is in the Lady Mayoress's private sitting room, although she does not know it.

Now the Lady Mayoress is bound to have a no-account step-brother who ran away to sea in his youth and has long been given up for dead. But he is not dead; he has returned to London and discovered the secret passage at the Mansion House. He is five feet four; he has a wooden leg, red hair, four fingers on his left hand, a tendency to stutter and a bag full of jewels which he stole from a Buddhist temple. His name is Alf. Sherlock Holmes would discover these things with his magnifying glass but we just take them for granted. A fugitive from justice, tired and hungry, Alf has formed the habit of creeping into the secret passage and groaning, choking and sighing, not just to pass the time but because *he does not want the Lady Mayoress to go out to dinner*. He wants to upset her so that she will stay home every night and have dinner quietly in her sitting room. It is then a simple matter for him to open the panel, snatch some food while she is not looking and vanish. All the

SENATOR CAPPER

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Lord Mayor needs to do is to find the panel, collar Alf and restore the stolen jewels. Then his wife will be her old self again, fit for a public dinner every evening.

▶▶The Senate Inaction

How functions our august Senate in the greatest economic emergency our country has ever seen? Why, from December 7, when it convened, up until December 22, when it adjourned until January 4, it functioned, heaven help us, like this:

December 7. Swore in new members. Appointed committees to notify President and House it was ready to transact business. Was notified that some of its members had died.

December 8. Swore in new members. Debated Mr. Barbour's right to occupy seat. Heard President's message. Voted without result on election of president *pro tem.*

December 9. Members introduced about a thousand bills and resolutions. Voted without result on election of president *pro tem.*

December 10. Adopted Johnson resolution for investigation of foreign loans floated in America. Smoot introduced resolution to carry out Hoover moratorium. Pittman spoke for a silver conference. Heard President's message on foreign relations. Voted without result on election of president *pro tem.*

December 11, 12, 13. Not in session.

December 14. Republicans reëlected committee chairmen. Heard speeches asking it to "quit shadow-boxing and go to work," but voted without result on election of president *pro tem.*

December 15. Capper introduced resolution for investigation of short selling. Debated Hoover moratorium and bill to conserve wild life. Voted without result on election of president *pro tem.*

December 16. Debated bill to conserve wild life. McKellar introduced measure against "further moratoriums or cancellation." Johnson reported resolution from committee asking Stimson for correspondence on Manchuria. Voted without result on election of president *pro tem.*

December 17. Debated proposal to adjourn for the holidays. Adopted Johnson's Manchuria resolution. Robinson and Harrison criticized Republicans. Tabled Gore's resolution asking Hoover and Stimson for data on foreign loans and debts. Passed bill to conserve wild life. Voted without result on election of president *pro tem.*

December 18. Adopted Capper resolution to make December 26 and January 2 legal holidays in Washington. Postponed consideration of Couzens resolution for investigation of railroad finances. Thomas criticized short selling. Held executive session.

December 19. Adopted resolutions asking for information on air and ocean mail contracts. Passed bills appropriating $204,045,000 for bonus certificates, veterans' dependents and United States Employment Service. Smoot reported moratorium resolution out of committee. Cutting introduced resolution asking for Wickersham Commission reports on Mooney-Billings case. Voted without result on election of president *pro tem.*

December 20. Not in session.

December 21. Discussed holiday plans. Nye submitted report on campaign funds. Kean and Walsh introduced resolutions for Canadian member on Federal Reserve Board and investigation of causes of the depression. Passed resolution for Mooney-Billings reports. Heard Johnson and Howell discuss moratorium.

▶▶Speaking Out

EXACTLY what does each Senator and Representative think about unemployment relief? Prohibition? Tariff? Entry into the World Court? League of Nations? War Debt? The very obvious fact that we do not know lends interest to the December 21 statement of Senator Barbour of New Jersey as to what he believes, what he favors, what he opposes. When William Warren Barbour was appointed to the seat made vacant by the death of Senator Morrow it was commonly agreed that brilliance was not his major characteristic. His statement does not alter that opinion but, whether one agrees or disagrees with his stand on several issues, it does display an unex-

Remarkable Remarks

The future may be better or worse.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

V. Warmsley, Box 225, Shreveport, La., $5 prize.

These are troublesome times.—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR.

John P. Egan, 615 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.

The depression is now over.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Mrs. H. L. Love, 256 E. 1st North St., Provo, Utah, $2 prize.

There are weaknesses in our economic system.—SECRETARY OF WAR PATRICK J. HURLEY.

Harry Frumerman, 1005 Hoe Ave., Bronx, N. Y., $2 prize.

The real trouble with the market is the unwillingness of the public to buy.—RICHARD WHITNEY.

Mrs. H. Gehrke, 102 E. Stoughton St., Champaign, Ill., $2 prize.

America is the freest nation and therefore the dryest nation.—REV. DR. F. SCOTT MCBRIDE.

J. J. Bruehlman, Republic, O., $2 prize.

Uncle Sam has never passed a law that can't be enforced. I'm going to live long enough to see America so dry you will have to prime a man to see him spit.—REV. BILLY SUNDAY.

Mrs. B. M. Ross, Malvern, Ark., $2 prize.

Why, we wouldn't take Manchuria as a gift.—PREMIER TSUYOSHI INUKAI.

E. H. Frost, Box 262, Summerville, S. C., $2 prize.

Great players make mistakes.—ELY CULBERTSON.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

By this time practically everybody has heard about sex.—HARRY HANSEN.

John P. Egan, 615 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on page 575

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pected and commendable forthrightness.

Senator Barbour shows some sense of proportion in his opening remark that "The economic condition of the nation at the present moment and prohibition are dominant, I feel, in the thoughts of the people." As to the first, he believes that relief of those in distress should be handled by the states with activities of the Federal government confined to "the restoration of economic normalcy generally in the nation," starting with steps to balance its budget. As to the second: "I am absolutely opposed to prohibition and favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and Volstead Act. I believe that as soon as Congress takes such steps as it can to meet the present critical economic situation it should immediately take up the prohibition problem with boldness and vigor and with determined perseverance until a solution is reached. I will work and vote for a national referendum, for a repeal or for any measure which will correct the present intolerable condition of affairs."

Mr. Barbour goes on. "I am opposed to cancellation . . . . of the debts owed to us by other countries," he says. "Any move to reconsider our present tariff or through such arbitrary means as a horizontal cut in rates, would be a most untimely and unjustifiable move to which I am absolutely opposed . . . . I believe the United States should approve the principle of the Court [World Court] and become a member of the institution with, however, some such guarantee of our national sovereignty as is offered under the Root proposal. The League of Nations, however, I am opposed to as being a most dangerous 'foreign entanglement'."

▸▸Congress Makes It Clear

JUDGING solely from speeches in Congress during the second week of the session one might have gathered a general impression that Congress will neither cancel nor permanently reduce the debts owed us by our war associates. The House Ways and Means committee, however, made this clear beyond question when it took up a resolution sanctioning the Hoover moratorium. To it the committee tacked an amendment which may become historic: "It is hereby expressly declared to be against the policy of Congress that any of the indebtedness of foreign countries to the United States should be in any manner canceled or reduced, and nothing in this joint resolution shall be construed as indicating a contrary policy, or as implying that favorable consideration will be given at any time to a change in the policy hereby declared." Passed by the House, the amended resolution was taken up in the Senate where, significantly, the amendment seemed to arouse more enthusiasm than the resolution itself.

Opportunity to hear the opinions of bankers on the subject of international debts came when the Senate initiated hearings on foreign securities privately held in the United States. Before the committee adjourned until January 4, testimony from three witnesses—Thomas W. Lamont, partner in J. P. Morgan & Co., Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank, and Otto H. Kahn, partner in Kuhn, Loeb & Co.—showed that the bulk of American-owned foreign securities is held by private investors rather than by banks. Primary interest centered, however, in the statements of Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Kahn that the United States will probably find it necessary to reduce the war debts. Thus we have bankers saying that Congress will have to do something which Congress resolutely says it won't do—says with a vehemence which indicates its belief that it has the support of the country, as probably it has.

▸▸What Europe May Do

NOTICE that Congress will not cancel or reduce war debts came while Germany was piling up evidence that it could no longer pay reparations in full. Whatever America may do, if Germany can't pay she can't pay. Yet if cuts in reparations are inevitable, and cuts in war debts are impossible, how can Britain and France continue to insist that the former will not be granted unless the latter are granted too? That, today, is probably the most important and fateful question in international affairs. The answer may come out of diplomatic conversations in progress and in prospect between Britain and France.

Possibly, instead of allowing Germany to default, they will draw up a temporary agreement on reparations—another moratorium or something of the sort—and then ask the United States to help them out by signing a similar agreement on the war debts, on the plea that the emergency demands it. This may be what is working out in Europe, which must know by now that nothing more than a temporary agreement can be had from Congress.

Kirby in N. Y. World-Telegram

DID YOU EVER SEE THIS BEFORE?

▸▸In Brief

"THE debts the nations owe the United States were made by Democrats * * * *" —Secretary of War Hurley . . . . The Senate has made December 26 and January 2 legal holidays, but still balks at the suggestion they be known as Hangover Day. . . . "Federal Rail Loans Asked by Willard; Bankers Join Plea"—newspaper headline. What old-timer can recall days when business men wanted the government to stay out of business? . . . . Winston Churchill, recovering from injuries sustained after being struck by an automobile, will soon give a series of lectures on "The Destiny of the English-Speaking Peoples." . . . Those in charge of the New York real estate development known as Radio City can't seem to decide what to call it. Why not call it "Radio City"? . . . . The Federal Bureau of Home Economics advises us how to get the most food for a dollar and doubtless will soon advise us how to get the dollar. . . . . Mr. Hoover's record will be the issue in 1932, says former Congressman Franklin Fort, who was supposed to be one of Mr. Hoover's friends.

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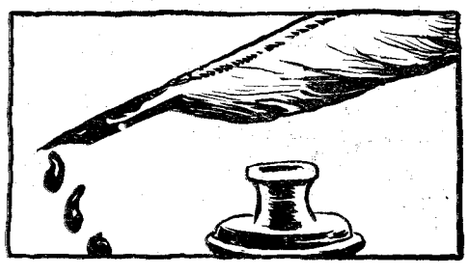
Hopes for a New Year



SINCE this is the time of year dedicated to the forming of new hopes and the renewing of old ones, we purpose to form and renew a few of our own. If 1932 will kindly fulfill them for us, we shall be reasonably well satisfied. Our hope is that the year will produce more Silly Symphonies, plays like *Private Lives* and *Mourning Becomes Electra*, revues like *The Band Wagon*, mystery stories by Dashiel Hammett, movies as good as *Skippy* and *Arrowsmith*, featuring actors as brilliant as John Barrymore and as beautiful as Marlene Dietrich, conductors like Toscanini, operas like *Wozzeck*, Army-Notre Dame football games, radio features like the Mills Brothers, newspapers like the New York *World*, long skirts for evening wear, campaigns against city noise and soot, and books as good in their fields as Lincoln Steffens' *Autobiography*, Guedalla's *Wellington*, Dr. Clendening's *Care and Feeding of Adults* and Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Fatal Interview*.

OUR hope is that the year will produce fewer imitators of *Ballyhoo*, red fingernails, gin cocktails, waits for elevators, newsreels showing Mussolini reviewing troops, busy signals on telephones, lunch counters in drug stores, advertisements in taxicabs, prophecies that business will soon turn the corner, prophecies that civilization will soon break down, statements that the unemployed are being adequately provided for, interviews with Henry Ford on subjects he knows nothing about, arguments that the depression will last forever, White House photographs of the President in the midst of unimportant visitors, and public appearances by Senator Fess, General Honjo, Julius Klein, Adolf Hitler, Aimee Semple McPherson, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Will Hays and Bishop Cannon.

DO ALL these hopes seem trivial? We have others more ponderous and even less likely to be fulfilled. We hope to see the Volstead Act modified immediately and the Eighteenth Amendment repealed before the year is out. To see the United States adhere to the World Court. To see the Sherman anti-trust laws modified and an advisory economic council created for the guidance of business. To see our friends able to pay federal taxes as high as they should be to balance the federal budget. To see the Farm Board restrained from further ventures into price fixing and limited to helping farmers help themselves by regulated production and orderly marketing. To see the United States enter into arrangements with other nations for the reciprocal reduction of tariffs so as to stimulate our foreign trade. To see the state governments institute compulsory wage insurance and, with city governments, devote some thought to future public works programs and other means of absorbing unemployment so that the depression which follows this one will not find us unprepared again. To see the unemployed well taken care of now, by the provision of work wherever possible, and, since voluntary contributions can never do the job, by adequate state and municipal relief funds, supplemented from the federal treasury.

WE HOPE to see the President show a brand of leadership which all intelligent men can applaud. To see him stop talking in terms of the forever-vanished New Economic Era and begin to realize that far different times are upon us. To see him stop squirming away from controversial subjects and begin to discuss the issues of the day forthrightly, without ambiguity or evasion. And then we hope to see all other politicians follow his example.

WE HOPE to see the League of Nations wake up and chase Japan out of Manchuria. To see the American people realize that arms reduction is not a question of sermons from pulpits, but that it is impossible unless we are prepared to make political concessions in the interest of French security. To see the problem of reparations and war debts tackled in Congress without passion or prejudice so that we may do what in the long run will be best for our own interests. To see the soft coal industry thoroughly overhauled. To see Congress adopt Mr. Hoover's plans to strengthen the Federal Land Bank system; establish home loan credit banks to liquidate the frozen assets of mortgage-holding banks and building and loan associations; create a Reconstruction Finance Corporation to make loans to established industries, railways and financial institutions which otherwise would be unable to secure credit. We hope to see Congress understand that all these relief measures are primarily for the relief of the propertied and that they must be accompanied by measures for the relief of persons who have no property left.

WE HOPE to see state statutes liberalized so that it will no longer be necessary to go to Reno to secure divorces. To see the churches proclaim that there is nothing morally wrong with the practice of birth control by the married and that state and federal laws should be brought into line with that opinion. To see the "good people" of the land stop bemoaning petty offenses against the law and concentrate on the prevention and punishment of major crimes instead. To see Mooney and Billings set free, as they should have been long since. To see less lawlessness among law enforcers, notably those who administer the "third degree." To see organized gangsters and racketeers driven out of business and to see the ties cut that bind them to corrupt police and politicians. Then we hope to see these corrupt police and politicians driven out of business, too.

THESE are our major hopes. We have more, but these will do. Glancing back over them, we begin to suspect that one or two, at least, may still be hopes and nothing more when 1932 is on its death-bed. Nevertheless, if the new year will be good enough to fulfill them—or even to fulfill those of them to which you do not object—we shall count it a very pleasant year indeed.

The Editors

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

HERBERT HOOVER, we note, is taking no chances that the widespread dissatisfaction over his record and his personality within the Republican party shall make any headway at the 1932 convention. His devotees, including some of the most skilled mechanics and reactionary figures in public life—such men as Postmaster General Walter F. Brown, Mark Requa and Ray Benjamin of California—have seen to it that there will be no opportunity of upsetting the presidential applecart at Chicago next June. For all his lack of forcefulness and political astuteness, Mr. Hoover has, through maneuvering and manipulation equal to the tactics of a Mark Hanna, obtained complete domination of the party machinery. All his movements to improve the tone of Republican leadership, and to ennoble the party organization below the Mason and Dixon line, have been forgotten in his desire to block the growing demand that he step aside, or be cast aside, for a more likely winner.

Old-timers in the G.O.P. could not restrain their laughter when Messrs. Fess and Burke, national chairman and committee counsel respectively, made public their reallocation of delegate strength for the Chicago meeting. On the slim pretense that the G.O.P. has now gained permanent foothold in Southern states which responded to Mr. Hoover's campaign of religious bigotry against Al Smith, the President's friends increased by 42 the number of delegates from those states. While ancient Republican citadels saw their representation remain stationary or suffer a cut, such anti-Hoover states as Texas, Florida, North Carolina and Virginia were given increases. As a result, the delegates, white and black, from below the line will have a commanding voice in presidential councils, even though all prospect of carrying those states has vanished. Concretely, the revision means that the Republican-for-revenue-only delegates from thirteen Southern and border states, together with those from five other states, will furnish a clear majority to the man in the White House. An opposing candidate, whether he be Charles G. Dawes or Gifford Pinchot, might carry the presidential primaries in thirty states more representative of Republican sentiment, and yet be far from the nomination. In short, Mr. Hoover is sitting on top of his own political pile.

Mr. Brown, of course, has already rounded up the Southern delegates by free and easy use of the patronage whip. The President's earlier effort to purify the party in the South has been supplanted by complete surrender to the same selfish and sordid interests which have always dominated the G.O.P. in that region. Ben Davis, the colored national committeeman of Georgia, who was once doomed to the scrapheap, has been made a lecturer for the Republican National Committee at a salary of $7,000 a year. "Tieless Joe" Tolbert of North Carolina, the national committeeman who once haunted the executive offices in vain, who was denied an audience with the President, was a recent guest at the White House, and is again in good standing. Perry Howard, whom the Department of Justice sought to discredit, is to be restored to the party councils because of his influence with his own colored race. Glenn Skipper, Florida national committeeman whom President Hoover tried to oust for a "lily-white Republican," has, of late, become so much of a favorite that he was consulted by the President. In Georgia Mr. Hoover insisted on naming as United States marshal a man against whom he had been warned by the Federal district attorney there, a Federal judge and field investigators of the Department of Justice. None of these so-called leaders will carry their states for Mr. Hoover in the election; when they have delivered their delegates at Chicago, their work will be done.

IN MUCH the same way Mr. Hoover's admirers have been retained in key places on the National Committee, even though all have been assailed, again and again, for their dullness, their dryness, their lack of sensitiveness to worth-while considerations. As chairman, there is Sim Fess, the Anti-Saloon League orator who once confessed to "fibbing" in order that he might help along the renomination of Calvin Coolidge for a third term.

Had the inept Mr. Fess frankly admitted it, there would have been little to-do about the matter. His censorship, however, turned the spotlight on the prohibition issue so brightly that eulogies of Mr. Hoover by Mr. Fess and Pat Hurley got comparatively little notice in the press—and that critical.

As vice-chairman in charge of women's activities, there remains Mrs. Ellis Yost, a leading worker in the W.C.T.U. Personally quite attractive and charming, Mrs. Yost, like Doctor Fess, hardly represents the forces which, unless all signs fail, must be recognized and conciliated if Mr. Hoover is not to suffer a crushing defeat. Although everybody had anticipated that Robert H. Lucas, executive director, would be separated from the party pay-roll long since, he will continue in his post. His sins and missteps, it seems, do not weigh heavily against him, in view of his lip loyalty to Mr. Hoover. Despite his silly secretive campaign to defeat Senator George W. Norris, Nebraska Progressive, and his boomerang attack on the Democrats and Johnnie Raskob, he stands high at the White House.

IN FACT, the newest of many anecdotes anent the President's lack of popularity is credited to the young and hot-headed Kentuckian. According to the story, Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mellon were taking a walk when, suddenly, the President began to fumble through his vest pockets. After a vain search, he requested the Secretary of the Treasury to lend him a nickel because he "wanted to call up a friend." Mr. Mellon, so the story goes, held out a dime, and replied: "Here, call up both of them!" We understand this anecdote was the most popular of many swapped by the national committeemen as they wassailed in their hotel rooms, and, true or not, the reputed tale represents the party bosses' estimate of the President's chances next November—all, that is, except Messrs. Fess, Brown, Requa, Benjamin *et al.*

"Jimmie" Burke and Roy O. West hang on, respectively, as counsel and secretary, and it was they who, with the help of a statistician from G.O.P. headquarters, arranged the new system of delegate representation. It was Mr. Burke, lest it be forgotten, who retouched the bigoted outbreaks of Mabel Walker Willebrandt so that her crusade to arouse the parsons against Mr. Smith would not fail, and it was Mr. West who was so bitterly assailed in the Senate for his alleged connection with the power interests of Sam Insull. If any proof were needed that Mr. Hoover demands a renomination, and will, at last, throw off all pretense of liberalism, the faces in this political gallery furnish it. By comparison, the groups which put over McKinley in '96 and Taft in '12 were pure and noble men—and wild-eyed radicals.

A. F. C.

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▶▶ The Imperial "Alfalfa Bill" ◀◀

An Oklahoma Governor Who Rules With a Rifle

By LOUIS COCHRAN

THEY have a new kind of governor "riding herd" in Oklahoma—a governor who knows his state's laws and who is not afraid to use the full authority of his office when he thinks it necessary. Denounced as a charlatan and derided as a clown when he took office, "Alfalfa Bill"—sometimes called "Bolivia Bill" and "Cocklebur Bill" by his enemies—immediately set himself to serious business in the executive mansion. When he could not enforce a law in any other way he called out the militia and, therefore, he has risen in public respect as an executive who knows what he is about.

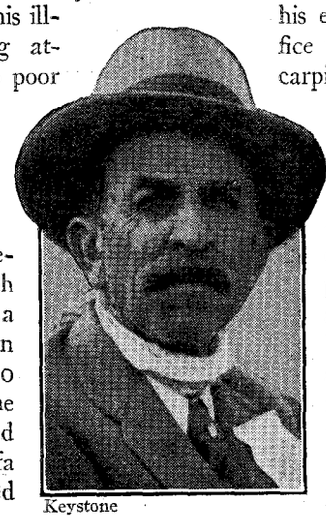
The free bridges across the Red River between Texas and Oklahoma refuse to open, and the Governor issues an executive order and they open. A Federal court issues a writ against state officers, the Governor defies the injunction, sends the state militia to see that his orders are enforced, and the federal writ fades into a condition of innocuous desuetude.

A hospital patient addicted to chiropractic is helpless when confronted with university red tape; the Governor speaks and the doors of the university hospital open to admit the patient. A state law threatens the prosperity and happiness of a host of state school land lessees who cannot pay their interest, the Governor wills, and the teeth fall out of the statute and the school land farmers are happy. The oil corporations refuse to pay an adequate price for oil, and the Governor calls out his guardsmen and closes 3,000 oil wells until he gets his price.

Small wonder that the nation has become "Oklahoma-conscious," and that the Denver *Post* sighs, "O for a Murray for Governor of Colorado!" Here, admittedly, is a man who at least fills the shoes of the governor of a sovereign state in marked contrast to the usual Afraid-of-His-Shadow political bellwethers who too frequently quake and rattle about in high places.

This governor is William Henry Murray, aged 61, six feet tall, thin, weather-worn, with bushy, unruly hair, and a droopy walrus moustache. In succession he has been a newspaper subscription agent, school teacher, country editor, lawyer, farmer, historian, South American colonizer, and the ninth governor of Oklahoma.

But when Governor "Alfalfa Bill," as he is affectionately known among his constituents, or "Bolivia Bill," as he is known amongst some of his critics, announced his intention of making his third race for the governorship shortly after his return in 1929 from his ill-fated Bolivian colonizing attempt there were few so poor as to do him homage, and none so rash or foolish as to believe he would be elected. For ten years he had been away from the state, and six years before had sailed away with twelve families to found a new colony at El Gran Chaco, Bolivia, on a 75,000 acre concession from the Bolivian government, and the magic name of "Alfalfa Bill" had all but disappeared from the public prints.



Keystone

He had made two abortive efforts to become governor, in 1910 and 1918, and his reward had been but a vision of the promised land. He had been overwhelmingly defeated for reëlection to Congress in 1916 because he gently pooh-poohed the notion of Wilson's impeccable wisdom, and scoffed at the idea that the Democratic President would keep us out of the war. But "Alfalfa Bill," undismayed, peeled out his last twelve dollars, gave his wife one dollar, arranged for credit with a grocer at his Tishomingo home, and for the third time started on the road which eventually led him to the governor's chair and no little share of national attention.

There were nine aspirants for the Democratic nomination. Three were millionaires, and four others had good records as administrators. "Alfalfa Bill" had no organization, no backing of any sort, no money, and every daily newspaper in the state was against him. But the crowds who came to jeer remained to cheer, and in the run-off Democratic primary he defeated his opponent by the impressive vote of 218,852 to 139,810 and swamped the Republican nominee in the general election by 100,000 votes, carrying 64 out of the 77 counties of the state.

Within eighteen months after his return as a failure from a foreign land, "broke," unhonored and virtually forgotten, he had taken in the governor's chair, and thereupon proceeded to startle the nation by a series of acts unprecedented in their scope, and yet with a strict adherence to constitutional authority which earned the admiration of friend and foe alike. Gone now is the torrent of abuse and ridicule with which his election and entry into office was greeted; the incessant carping about personal peculiarities, and innuendoes of personal incapacity or weakness. Doubt or fear as to his courage, intelligence, legal knowledge or sincerity of purpose has passed away, and from an attitude of ridicule even his enemies have passed to an attitude which takes it for granted that any measure adopted by "Alfalfa Bill" will be successful. "Alfalfa Bill" has become a "favorite son."

But it was not always thus. Born near the community of Toadsuck, Grayson County, Texas, the son of Uriah Dow Thomas Murray, an itinerant Methodist preacher who lived to administer, at 91, the oath as chief executive to his son, the future champion of state's rights ran away from home at 12. He picked cotton for a living, cooked his own meals on stones and slept on the ground for more than a year, but he made his way. His school attendance was haphazard and intermittent, but, determined to better his condition, he enrolled at College Hill Institute at Springtown, Texas, worked his way through, and was graduated in a year and a half with a B. S. degree and a teacher's license. Then he became in turn a school teacher, newspaper subscription agent and a statehouse reporter at Austin.

WHILE editing a country newspaper at Corsicana, Texas, he became interested in law, and studying at night, was admitted to the bar at 23. Then, following the lure of adventure whose siren call he has never failed to hear, he migrated in 1898 to Tishomingo, capital of the Chickasaw Indian Nation, and married the niece of the Chickasaw governor.

It is not recorded that he disclosed great abilities as a lawyer, but he prospered and in time became the owner of a thousand acres of land, many farm animals and thirty tenant houses. While

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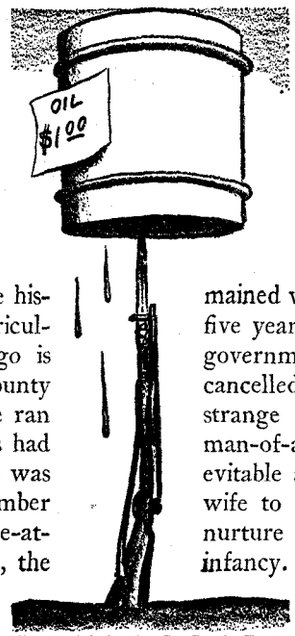
making treaties for the Chickasaws he began a study of constitutional government, ancient and modern. He was a delegate to the Oklahoma constitutional convention in 1906, became its president at 37, and managed to have so many of his ideas incorporated into the state constitution that he is sometimes spoken of by his admirers as "the Father of the Constitution." He is credited with having written most of that document of 45,000 words, and when the territory became a state in 1907 he was elected as the first speaker of the House of Representatives.

Largely because of his services before and after the birth of "the most radical state in the Union" his pictures now adorn all the state histories, the Murray State Agricultural College at Tishomingo is named for him, and a county bears his name. In 1910 he ran for governor, but the voters had grown suddenly cold and he was defeated. He was elected member of Congress from the state-at-large in 1912, and in 1914, the state having been redistricted, he was elected as Congressman from the Fourth District.



Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post Despatch

"O, SAY, CAN YOU SEE?"

He was a delegate to the Democratic National Conventions in 1908, 1912 and 1916, and is credited by some of his admirers with having started the swing of sentiment towards Woodrow Wilson at Baltimore when Clark was polling 554 votes to Wilson's 354. Ironically enough, it was largely because of his non-subservience to Wilson in 1916 that he was defeated for reëlection, as he publicly declared that the Democratic President could not keep the nation aloof from the European conflict, and that within a year the United States would be at war against Germany. For such blasphemy he was "knifed," and he retired to the meditations of private life.

But the quiet of the farm or the petty bickering of country law courts could not satisfy the spirit of a man who had sat in Indian councils, and drafted a state constitution, and in 1918 he ran again for governor and was again defeated. In disgust William Henry retired again to the peace of his Tishomingo law office and the solace of his farm, and his name was seen no more in the newspapers.

In 1919, convinced that his adopted state would use him no longer, he sold out his acres of good farm land, paid up his debts and set out for South America "to rest up and think things over." But it was not rest that "Alfalfa Bill" wanted, and he had proved he could think in Oklahoma. In 1924, having obtained a concession from the Bolivian government of 75,000 acres, he returned to Oklahoma to gather colonists for that promised land. He recruited twelve families and with his wife and five children set out for the land of Canaan, which was five days' travel from the nearest railroad and among a strange and unfriendly people. Within six months his adherents had deserted, but "Alfalfa Bill," after paying back every dollar entrusted to him, remained with his family in Bolivia for five years. Only when the Bolivian government became unfriendly and cancelled the concession did this strange mixture of dreamer and man-of-action surrender to the inevitable and return with his Indian wife to the state he had helped to nurture through its trying period of infancy. Tishomingo gave him a rousing reception.

Perhaps the people of Oklahoma were ready to elect any man who savored of honesty and integrity; perhaps they were willing to try any nostrum, however desperate, which promised to relieve them of the ills which had befallen them. Their two preceding governors had been impeached and removed from office; their rich were growing richer and their poor were growing poorer; their crop valuations had shrunk from $289,236,000 in 1928 to $132,248,000 in 1930, a shrinkage of more than half, and there was even talk of Communism. Even so, no one paid any attention to this walrus-mustached old wanderer who had contracted the harmless habit of running for office; only the city newspapers ventured a mild chuckle now and then, which grew into hot bellows of rage as the sentiment grew from the echo of the candidate's voice to a popular demand for "Alfalfa Bill."

Not that "Alfalfa Bill' had money; he didn't. He started out with twelve dollars and once he was down to a dime, but he never gave up. Not that he had means of transportation; he didn't. Sometimes a friend would drive him from one speaking engagement to another. Sometimes he walked, but he got there whatever the odds or the weather. Not that he had newspaper support; he didn't. Every newspaper in the state was against him, except the Blue Valley *Farmer*, a country weekly whose editor became attracted to him during the early stages of the campaign. Later, as the Murray movement grew and the financial strain eased, the newspaper was purchased by Murray's friends, filled with literature devoted to his cause and delivered free to every rural mail box. "The Red Menace," as the city newspapers called Murray, became so ominous that one Oklahoma City daily detailed a woman columnist to attend him and the public was regaled with horrified reports that the would-be governor "wore two pairs of trousers in cold weather"; that for years he and his family "had lived in a house with a sod floor"; that "his home was without a bath tub," and "he ate hot cakes with his hands." If there had been any doubt about the election before, these attacks turned the tide, and "Alfalfa Bill" won the Democratic nomination in a walk-away and was elected governor over his Republican opponent, Ira A. Hill, by a vote of 302,021 to 208,575, the largest majority ever given a governor in Oklahoma.

MURRAY promised the people that if elected he would reduce the ad valorem taxes and increase the taxes on incomes and corporations. He has done more; he demanded a tax commission to adjust assessments, and the commission is now at work. He asked for free seed to distribute to farmers without credit who were unable to buy seed, and the state distributed $300,000 worth. He insisted upon quick relief for the needy, and the legislature voted $700,000 and increased the gasoline tax from four to five cents to pay for the relief. The campaign cry of his enemies that he would make the state ridiculous by living in the $6,000 garage and renting out the executive mansion has not been realized, but his action in planting six acres of potatoes in the park between the Statehouse and the mansion, the proceeds to be given to the poor, has not diminished his stature in the eyes of the voters who elected him.

But this is not all that "Alfalfa Bill" has done for the masses who placed him in office, or that he has tried to do. Certain of his proposed measures have been, if not radical, at least of refreshing originality. In messages to the legislature in 1931 he demanded, among other reforms, that no teacher, or employee of any state institution, receive pay while on sabbatical leave; that state officers be

(Continued on Page 563)

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A Letter to a Republican Wet

By HERBERT C. PELL

DEAR MR. SICCUS:

I have often heard you say that you were strongly opposed to prohibition, that you believed it to be the most important issue before the American people at the present time; yet you insist on maintaining your place among that respectable group which by its influence and position is such a continuing credit and valuable asset to the Republican political organization.

Neither you nor I look on prohibition as merely a question of liquor. Your great party leader, Elihu Root, said many years ago in a speech, unfortunately unreported, before the United States Supreme Court—"Liquor is the least important part of prohibition." As a matter of fact, we know perfectly well that the liquor supply has not been affected, at least among the people who guide political parties or direct the commercial and social structures of the United States. Politicians and business leaders who oppose prohibition are not inspired by a craving for alcohol which under the present law they are unable to satisfy. Men and women of your type are obviously opposing it for far different reasons, but I do not propose to discuss this question with you as we are substantially at one in our conclusions.

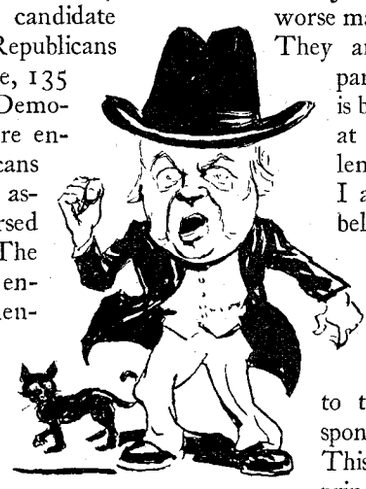
I think that I may fairly state your attitude on this question thus: The Eighteenth Amendment and its ancillary concomitants—intolerance, extended corruption and widespread law violation—have created a serious condition in this country and today are a menace to the continuance of that type of Americanism in which you have been brought up to believe. They have created a new governmental point of view which you consider to be dangerous to the country. In short, you believe that the group of questions which we ordinarily lump together as prohibition constitute the most important problem which has faced this country since slavery and you profess yourself to be totally opposed to the contentions of the drys. You describe yourself as a Wet.

It is not for me to tell you what is or is not the most important issue before the country. It would be mere impertinence on my part to tell you that you should cast your vote for one reason or for another. That is your own affair. You have the right to believe anything you wish. You may vote solidly for one party or the other because Lincoln freed the slaves or because Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence; to you the most important problem before the people may be whether a certain road will or will not be macadamized next year, or you may believe that a lowering or a raising of certain taxes is the vital question.

Do not tell me during the course of this discussion that there are other issues to be considered which are more important than prohibition. If you believe this, I have nothing to say, but in that case, I ask you in all sincerity not to continue to talk against prohibition as if no other issue existed. I do not think that you have the right to profess one set of principles and vote for another.

A Republican Wet is a contradiction in terms, a political anomaly. Prohibition has been a serious issue before the people of the United States since 1918, when the Congress which passed the Eighteenth Amendment was elected. Most of the legislatures before which the amendment came for ratification were elected in 1918. Since then in every state east of the Mississippi River where the Republican party has been a serious fighting organization—that is to say, in every state in which it has even once carried a state election in twelve years—it is the prohibition party. This is as true in New England States or in New Jersey as it is in New York with which we are more immediately concerned. The figures for New York are as follows:

Since 1918 4 Republican candidates for governor out of 7 were endorsed by the Anti-Saloon League. At all 7 elections, the Democratic candidate was opposed. Of 175 Republicans elected to the state senate, 135 were endorsed; of 131 Democrats elected only 3 were endorsed; of the Republicans elected to the state assembly, 782 were endorsed and 235 were not. The Democratic record is 6 endorsed and 584 unendorsed. The percentages are 57 per cent of Republicans endorsed for governor by the Anti-Saloon League and no Democrats. Of senators elected, 77 per cent of the Republicans were endorsed and of the Democrats 2.3 per cent. Of the assemblymen elected, 70 per cent of the Republicans were endorsed and 1.03 per cent of the Democrats.



These figures are taken from the *American Issue*, published by the Anti-Saloon League and are as complete as possible. They do not include, however, figures for years when the League submitted no report in its annual publication. These figures were gathered through the courtesy of the New York Public Library. I wrote to the Anti-Saloon League in all the New England States, in New York and in New Jersey and have received no answer except from the state superintendent of Rhode Island, who refused to give me any information. He wrote, "Our services are not at the disposal of booze propagandists, hack writers, nor unknown, unintroduced, impertinent snoopers." He also wrote, "You have failed to identify yourself as a friend of the purpose for which they are sacrificing [*sic*]." It is evidently their policy to decline information to the public.

IN THE last twelve years you have voted the solid Republican ticket and yet you say that you are opposed to prohibition. The Anti-Saloon League has endorsed many men for public office, but, as far as I know, it has endorsed no Democrat running in the East for governor or United States senator since 1918; the number of Democratic candidates for local offices that it may have endorsed is extremely small and they have in practically every case been thoroughly beaten. I, myself, refused to support such candidates on the ground that party principle is more important than party label.

I am not a Democrat because I believe that Jefferson was a better or a worse man than Abraham Lincoln. They are both dead, and their parties with them although it is beginning to look as if some at least of Jefferson's problems were coming up again. I am a Democrat because I belong to that urban group which usually supports human liberty and stands ready to trust the enterprise of the people and which is willing to leave to the average man the responsibility of his own life. This group has as its guiding principle a phrase of one of our state Democratic platforms—"We advocate the utmost freedom to every individual in the practice of his religion, in the conduct of his private life and in the administration of his business which is consistent with the maintenance of justice and of public order." This group believes

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in trusting the ordinary citizen's judgment. It is opposed by the party of regulation which with equal honesty believes that it is the business of the government both to protect the citizen from his own errors and to guide his steps along a virtuous path.

I opposed Bryan and his policy of appealing to the weakling, the coward and the failure, and I shall never advocate the election of a man of such character no matter what party label he chooses to run under.

Now it is a fact which we must all recognize that the old Democratic organization has in the northeastern states been taken over by the group of the community to which I belong and that in those states the opposing group has seized the management, control and name of the Republican party of Seward and of Lincoln. This is a fact which we must recognize.

I CAN, perhaps, enlighten you as to the workings of the practical political mind. A leader is very naturally anxious to get for his ticket the greatest possible number of votes. To achieve this result, it will not do to lean too much toward any one group. He will try to make to each class the concessions needed to get its support and no more. He will spread his good things as thinly as possible, offending no one at any vital point but necessarily disregarding minor desires. There are in your community, for instance, a group of people who intend to vote in the interests of the Anti-Saloon League regardless of party affiliation; and there are others, among them yourself, who intend to vote the Republican ticket although they would prefer to vote for a wet. It is obvious that the only way in which the leaders can assure themselves of both these groups is to retain the vote of the Anti-Saloon League element by nominating a prohibitionist and your vote by running this prohibitionist under your chosen label.

In the long run, an elector who votes labels will find that labels are all that he will get. You have many times advertised to your party leaders that at the last moment whatever your clamor may be you will return to support the party of Abraham Lincoln, no matter what principle it may advocate or what may be the character of the candidates it endorses.

In the last ten years you have voted for every candidate endorsed by the Anti-Saloon League; you have every year voted for a member of the legislature pledged to support a prohibition organization for the state law-making body. Your attitude seems to me, to put it mildly, inconsistent.

If prohibition in New York state is not a party issue, can you tell me a single other basic principle that clearly divides the two parties one from the other? What other question had four-fifths of one party on one side and the entire representation of the other party opposed to it? Remember that we are discussing facts and conditions of the present day and not past history. You presumably vote the Republican ticket because you believe that during the next term the

representatives of the present Republican party would serve you better than would the Democratic organization. You are limited in your choice to actual candidates. The Republican organization can not dig up Roscoe Conkling, Theodore Roosevelt or Mayor Strong. The Republicans can select their candidates only from among their present leaders and their present leaders have very definitely sold the organization to the Anti-Saloon League.

I UNDERSTAND, although I do not agree with the so-called "Hoovercrats" in the South—at the last election they considered prohibition as do you—the most important problem that has been before the American people for a hundred years and they understood, what you apparently do not realize, that an issue as vital as all that is more important than a mere question of party label or the retention of public place by one set of office holders or another. For this reason they abandoned the organization which they had supported for generations.

They realized that Davis and Smith were not reincarnations of Jefferson and Grover Cleveland, while you and your associates failed to understand that Harding, Coolidge and Hoover were not successively the heirs of Abraham Lincoln.

Although, as I said, I profoundly disapprove of the goal of the "Hoovercrats"—their attitude is much more comprehensible to me than is that of people like yourself who in spite of all your wet professions can always be counted on, when the hour of need arrives, to support prohibition and prohibitionists with your votes.

As long as you can be fooled so easily, your opinion and your point of view will get from your party leaders the respect which they deserve. As long as your political directors realize that your vote is theirs, regardless of what they do or what they say, they will act and speak without giving any consideration to your wishes.

Emancipation has already been accomplished; McKinley lies in his grave. The Democratic party cannot free the slaves once more; we cannot alter past history. Your vote is a fixed possession of your party. Why should your leaders placate you? Does any man waste bait on caught fish? As long as you continue to be the gull of political managers trading on the past, you will act continuously in association with the dry element and are subservient to it. The clamor which you raise between elections against prohibition will be treated with the contempt that is its due.

My advice to you is to learn wisdom from the enemy; consider the ways of the Anti-Saloon League. Your simplest course would be to get their paper and see what candidates they have endorsed and then vote against them. If you do this for an election or two, you will find that you will be served with what you desire. Your choice is clear—principle or party label, which do you consider the more important?

Will you and those like you awake and show us that your political capacity is at least as great as that of an ignorant Baptist driving his Hill-Billys like cattle before him to the polls, or will you once again illustrate the ancient adage of the wisest of men—"As a dog returneth to his vomit so a fool returneth to his folly"?

Very truly yours,

HERBERT C. PELL.

New York, March 11th, 1931.

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The Solvent South

Finds Ways to Beat Insolvency and Disaster

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

Arkansas and her cotton belt neighbors have met famine and disaster, and the enemy is theirs. As one old-timer said to Mr. Wilson: "Them Northerners and Easterners won't have to feed the cotton folks next winter. Might be the cotton folks will be helpin' feed them." And so they might,—"plenty catfish left yit."

•

WE ARE just home from a 2,500-mile trek through South Arkansas, Mississippi and North Louisiana, a far-flung realm of the master-monarch, Cotton. It was 2,500 miles of strange noonday stillness, well-kept fields, African nonchalance and eye-opening contradictions. A few months ago we were assured from every side that King Cotton had tumbled to ignominous ruin, that the knell was duly rung for the wretch that had brought bankruptcy and desolation and hunger to a mighty empire of fertile farms.

But what is the case today? Better cotton bolstered by better cultivation, healthy, fervently tended cotton, its fluffy heads swaying in millions of acres of rich bottom-land during the summer growing season. Just five years ago we made our plodding way through the same country along rutted dirt roads, to the accompaniment of flat tires and mudholes wherein man and mule or man in Ford had been known to sink out of sight and drown. Now we skim through King Cotton's realm on paved highways, virtually all of them completed during the last three years, magnificent surfaced roads linked with mammoth new bridges, the peer of any in the land. We passed scores of new school houses, modern and dainty and fireproof, country schools with mown lawns and running water and abundant windows. We saw a countryside of bountiful harvests and apparent happiness.

Last spring the Red Cross distributed some dozen carloads or 13,000,000 packages of free flower and garden seed. The results are everywhere apparent. Home gardens have come to be a steadfast rule. Vegetables are now in such plenty that they may be had virtually for the asking. One particular tenant farmer to whom as a Red Cross worker we had brought repeated doles of salt pork and canned vegetables proceeded to show us his new livestock, two Jersey cows and a registered Duroc sow with a fast-expanding progeny of seven pigs. He showed us his garden plot, half an acre well-planted, well-tilled and ready for a late harvest. Overlooking our modest protest that we are after all simple itinerant bachelors, he loaded us down with a Fordful of late garden truck, all products of that productive half-acre. Then he crammed a man-sized pipe with home-grown tobacco leaves and soliloquized:

"There's eatables in the cotton country now, sonny, truck enough already to feed every man, woman and kid, black and white, for the next nine months. It ain't worth nothin' in cash. New potatoes is selling at thirty cents a bushel. The rest you can get for askin'. But it all does mean one thing. Them Northerners and Easterners won't have to feed the cotton folks next winter. Might be the cotton folks will be helpin' feed them."

WE LEFT in a haze of retrospect and tobacco smoke, marvelling at the change of a few short months. We drove by a new airport which Arkansas highway workers were finishing off in tip-top shape. Next we passed an ancient negro who manipulated a water sled drawn by an ancient skewbald mule, a broad awkward sled, upon it a barrelful of sloshing water, all a picturesque remainder from days "befo' de Wah."

Duffy in The Baltimore Sun

They stopped calling on the stony hearts of Congress, and went to work raising vegetables and hogs. Can't you smell that bacon sizzling in the pan?

Then we sped by a field being harvested by a bevy of lank negroes who swung old-fashioned scythes with all the telling grace of their African forefathers. Five minutes later we spied a modern double-rigged harvester which had spent a tremendously busy season.

The contradictory South! Water sleds vs. superfine airports, plunking banjos vs. rampant jazz orchestras, high finance vs. slipshod barter, mint juleps vs. Coca Colas. The stately silence of a time-mellowed and myrtle-fringed plantation home may at any moment be broken by the problematic overflow of Amos and Andy, or the super-speed rhythm of the Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra. Colonel Guntah, of the First Confederate Cavalry, may plod along Levee street dreaming in iron gray with gold braidings or he may dash by in a Cord roadster at approximately ninety-two miles an hour. You never can tell. Textile and lumber mills increasingly interrupt the rolling infinity of fields and cabins and plantation mansions and far-spread forests.

Modern towns, good restaurants and hotels are making their way into the farthest realm of Cotton's kingdom. Five years ago we found travel in the Southlands an unending protraction of bad foods and beds and lingering indigestion. But now that King Cotton has acquired some 20,000 new miles of first-rate highways, the quality of fare and quarters has risen consist-

(Continued on Page 575)

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T. R.'s Feud With Wilson

The Last Installment of Roosevelt: A Biography

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

NEWTON D. BAKER
President Wilson's Secretary of War

BY FEBRUARY, 1915, Roosevelt was "sick at heart over the actions of Wilson and Bryan." That month Germany announced her submarine policy. In May, 1915, the *Lusitania* was sunk. This, said Roosevelt, was "murder on the high seas." His attack on Germany was scathing and bitter. His attack on President Wilson, whose unfortunate phrase—that a nation might be "too proud to fight"—inspired Roosevelt's vehement scorn, was no less vigorous. He called for seizure of all of Germany's interned ships and an edict against all commerce with Germany.

"I do not believe," he concluded, "that the firm assertion of our rights means war, but, in any event, it is well to remember there are things worse than war."

Wilson, rightly or wrongly, believed that the country did not yet desire war with Germany. Spring-Rice felt that he was right. He told Sir Edward Grey that the "great mass of people here are deeply anxious not to be involved . . . .", that Wilson, on a visit to New York City, had been received with "a greater degree of popularity than has been given to any one since Roosevelt . . . ." But Roosevelt raged. The United States, ". . . . thanks to Messrs. Wilson and Bryan, has signally failed in its duty toward Belgium. . . . Thanks to the administration, the United States has been faithless to its duty . . . ."

Contempt for Wilson's action became an obsession as the President continued to send protests against Germany's submarine policy, instead of declaring war. The campaign of 1916, however, was really a referendum on the leadership of Wilson and of Roosevelt.

THE war killed other things beside men. It killed the New Nationalism for which Roosevelt had battled. It killed the New Freedom of Woodrow Wilson. Any hope that Roosevelt would continue his devotion to the Progressive Party disappeared in the face of his opposition to the President. He was "the worst President by all odds . . . . since Buchanan with the possible exception of Andrew Johnson." It was inevitable that Roosevelt should receive consideration as the nominee of the Republican Party. This time he did nothing whatever to advance his chances. Roosevelt, meditating a return to the party, disavowed any movement for his own nomination which entertained any compromise on the issues he believed important—opposition to Wilson and preparedness. He went so far as to threaten that he would support Wilson if the party compromised with honor and bowed to the influences which sought conciliation with Germany.

"And by Godfrey, I mean it," said Roosevelt, convincing himself, for the moment. "If there is a mongrel platform adopted . . . . I'll stump the country for him . . . ."

Roosevelt's great services toward preparedness were marred by his attitude regarding Wilson, who had, after all, the responsibility. He admitted, himself, on at least one occasion that the public was behind Wilson, that the anti-war sentiment was far the stronger. But his letters showed no tolerance, no trust; only hatred. Wilson was "the popular pacifist hero," who had the support of the "professional pacifists, the flubdubs and the mollycoddles . . . ."

Roosevelt was nominated by a moth-eaten Bull Moose on June 10, and on that same day the regular Republicans chose Charles Evans Hughes, who resigned from the Supreme Court. Roosevelt declined the Progressive Party nomination by telegraph, although reserving the right to change his mind should the Republican platform be silent on the important issues of the war. He declined formally in a lengthy letter on June 22, 1916. So ended the Battle at Armageddon.

"I shall strongly support Mr. Hughes . . . .", Roosevelt announced.

It was not that Roosevelt liked Hughes, but that he disliked Wilson.

Roosevelt was not vague. While Hughes campaigned monotonously, the apostle of war stormed westward to the Rockies in behalf of preparedness and Republicanism. He returned convinced that Wilson would win. His final speech was at Cooper Union in New York City on the night of November 3 and, as in all the rest, his bitterness toward Wilson was transcendent. Toward the end Roosevelt tossed aside his manuscript and, trembling with emotion, said that President Wilson was living at "Shadow Lawn," the summer White House:

. . . . There should be shadows now at Shadow Lawn; the shadows of the men, women and children who have risen from the ooze of the ocean bottom and from graves in foreign lands; the shadows of the helpless whom Mr. Wilson did not dare protect lest he might have to face danger; the shadows of babies gasping pitifully as they sank under the waves; the shadows of women outraged and slain by bandits . . . . Those are the shadows proper for Shadow Lawn; the shadows of deeds that were never done; the shadows of lofty words that were followed by no action; the shadows of the tortured dead . . . .

This was the man, elected again by a narrow margin, to whom Roosevelt was to appeal, within a few months, for authority to lead a division in France.

LONG prior to any probability that the United States would enter the war, indeed, soon after he had changed his mind regarding the invasion of Belgium, Roosevelt began to ponder the part he would play in the greatest of military dramas. In the autumn of 1914 he conferred with Albert Shaw, Captain Frank McCoy and others at the Harvard Club regarding a Roosevelt Division to consist of mounted infantrymen. In January, 1915, Colonel Gordon Johnston, of the regular army, was summoned to Oyster Bay.

". . . . I found Colonel Roosevelt," Johnston recalled, ". . . . suffering from one of his attacks of fever. . . . He was walking the floor talking about the war, our failure to come in and his unavailing efforts to influence the Administration. He mentioned how much he would like to have a part in it, and that gave me a clue to make a suggestion, partly to divert his mind . . . ."

The suggestion was that Roosevelt begin at once the work of raising a division. He "seized the idea immediately and be-

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gan at once making up a list of names" of the officers whom he would take with him to France. Subsequently, at another interview, Colonel Johnston expressed doubt, not unreasonably in view of Roosevelt's attitude toward Washington, that President Wilson would give him authority to go.

"I am going to see Mr. Wilson," Roosevelt said, "and tell him that if he will give me this commission and authority to organize and take this division to France I will give him my promise never to oppose him politically . . . ."

For a little while, after the election in 1916, the possibility grew that the United States might remain at peace, even that the war itself would end. The President still held to the forlorn hope of peace and spoke of "armed neutrality." On March 12 and again on March 19, however, American ships were sunk without warning. On April 2 Wilson appeared before the Houses of Congress and declared that a state of war existed. He had gambled for peace and had lost. He returned to the White House with the applause of Congress and the galleries in his ears.

"My message was a message of death to our young men," he told Tumulty. "How strange it seemed to applaud that."

On February 2, 1917, Roosevelt wrote the first of a series of letters to Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War. He wished to recruit, he said, a Division of infantry. The idea of horse riflemen was still in his mind, however, for he proposed that one brigade was to be cavalry and "one or two of the brigades of infantry, mounted infantry." He told Mr. Baker that plans for the Division had been prepared. He was ready to ask for certain officers for the posts of Chief of Staff, Chief Surgeon, Quartermaster General and for brigade and regimental commanders. "No situation has arisen," replied Baker, too curtly, requiring such a Division. His letter would be "filed for consideration should the occasion arise."

". . . . I do not believe Wilson will go to war unless Germany literally kicks him into it," Roosevelt wrote Lodge ten days later. "I cannot criticize him until this point is decided, because I have already applied for leave to raise a Division; and if he gives me one and sends me to the war, I shall serve him with single-minded loyalty . . . ."

IN THE interim, Wilson had severed diplomatic relations with Germany. Bernstorff was preparing to sail. On February 7, 1917, Roosevelt asked for the appointment of Captain Frank McCoy as his divisional Chief of Staff with the rank of colonel. But Baker answered that no such action could be taken "without the express sanction of Congress." There was an ominous note in his phrase that, "under its own conditions," Congress would arrange for volunteer troops and for "the appointment of officers for the higher commands." This was reiterated a month later. Roosevelt said that his Division could sail for France after six weeks of preliminary training and would there receive intensive training. He would need one regular Army officer for each eight hundred or one thousand volunteers. High commanding officers "for all volunteer forces," Baker answered on March 20, "are to be drawn from the regular Army."

"I say nothing in public about Wilson now . . . . as I have applied for leave to raise a Division . . . .", Roosevelt told Lodge. ". . . . The chatter about 'standing behind the President' when the President is nervously backing away from his duty is sickening . . . ."

The correspondence with the Secretary of War grew less formally friendly late in March. Roosevelt resented Baker's declaration that "general officers" were to be drawn from the regular army:

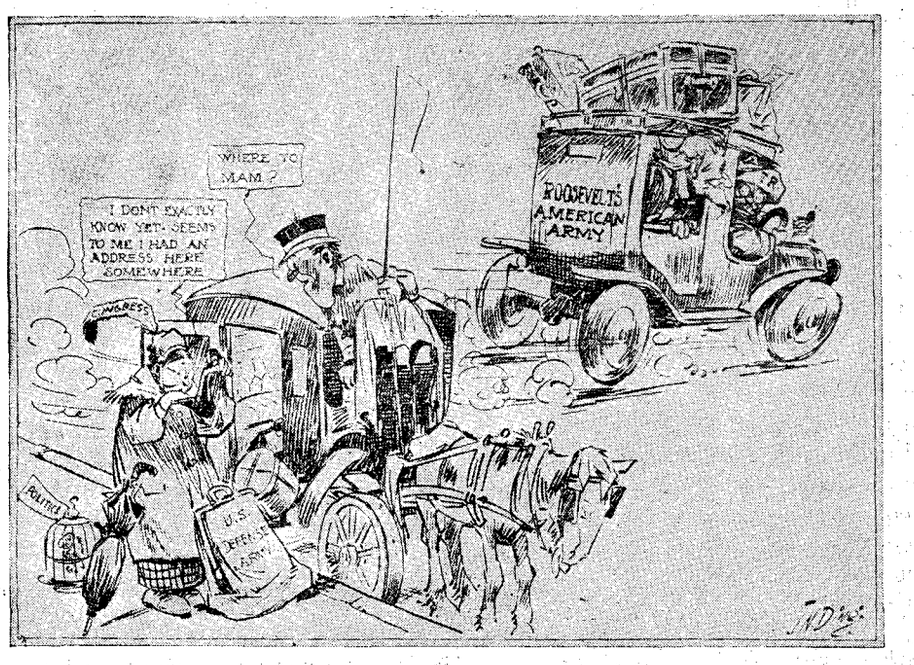
> . . . . I am a retired Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, and eligible to any position of command over American troops to which I may be appointed. As for my fitness . . . . I respectfully refer you to my three immediate superiors in the field, Lieutenant-General S. B. M. Young (retired), Major-General Samuel Sumner (retired), and Major-General Leonard Wood . . . .
>
> The regiment, First United States Volunteer Cavalry, in which I first served as lieutenant-colonel, and which I then commanded as colonel, was raised, armed, equipped, drilled, mounted, dismounted, kept for two weeks on a transport, and then put through two victorious aggressive fights, *in which we lost a third of the officers, and a fifth of the enlisted men;* all within a little over fifty days.

". . . . The patriotic spirit of your suggestion is cordially appreciated," answered the Secretary of War.

". . . . The President is . . . . purely a demagogue," Roosevelt wrote on February 28. ". . . . His extreme adroitness in appealing to all that is basest in the hearts of our people has made him able for the time being to drug the soul of the nation into a coma . . . . I say nothing in public about Wilson now . . . ."

On April 2, 1917, came Wilson's speech before Congress. On April 6, 1917, a state of war between the United States and Germany existed. "The President's great message of April 2 was literally unanswerable," Roosevelt said, publicly. "Of course, when war is on, all minor considerations, including all partisan considerations, vanish at once. All good Americans will back the President with single-minded loyalty in every movement he makes *to uphold American honor, defend American rights and strike hard and effectively in return for the brutal wrongdoing of the German Government.*"

Late in March it became apparent to Roosevelt that consent from Wilson was doubtful. He knew that no authorization for volunteer forces would be given except with the consent of Congress. Consequently he directed Lodge


WHERE YO MAM?
I DONT EXACTLY KNOW YET- SEEMS TO ME I HAD AN ADDRESS HERE SOMEWHERE
CONGRESS
ROOSEVELTS AMERICAN ARMY
POLITICS
U.S. DEFENSE ARMY

WHILE AUNTY IS MAKING UP HER MIND

Photographs by courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, 28 East Twentieth Street, New York

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to "see that no army legislation is so framed as to leave me out" and to "tell some of my friends in the Senate and the House about the matter . . . ." In his fervor to fight, Roosevelt actually considered the possibility of going even if the President rejected his offer. He notified Ambassador Jusserand that if France would pay for it he would take an American division to France "under the American flag."

". . . . If his Government does not, I shall try whether Canada would like to pay for an American Division (under our flag)—I understand that they need more men . . . ."

Under the imminence of failure Roosevelt abandoned pride. He prepared to humble himself before the man who was a pacifist, who mouthed "weasel words," who was the worst President since Buchanan, who had sacrificed the support of his countrymen, behind whom stood only "the flubdubs and the molly-coddles."

On April 7, 1917, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose wife was a niece of Theodore Roosevelt and who was, himself, distantly related to the Colonel, crossed from his own office in the Army and Navy Building to that of Secretary of War Baker. Colonel Roosevelt was in town, he told Baker, and was anxious for a conference. The Secretary of War said that he would be glad to see the former President at any time and promptly agreed, on further suggestion from the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, to call on Roosevelt at the home of Mrs. Longworth, where he was staying:

> I found the house filled with visitors on the first floor, most of them Senators and close friends of Colonel Roosevelt. The former President was in the dining room with a crowd, all the rooms being full of people, and seemed to be in high spirits. He came out when I arrived and greeted me cordially, put his hand through my arm and took me upstairs to one of the bedrooms. He then described his hopes for leading a Division in France.
>
> "I am aware," he said, "that I have not had enough experience to lead a Division myself. But I have selected the most experienced officers from the regular army for my staff."

The Secretary of War repeated his earlier assurances that the request would be carefully considered, but Roosevelt must have recognized the inevitable when Baker added that the war was not a matter of individual problems but one in which innumerable considerations had to be taken into account.

". . . . I had a good talk with Baker," Roosevelt subsequently said, "I could twist him about my finger could I have him about for a while. . . ."

The court of final resort remained, the President whom Roosevelt detested, and an interview at the White House was arranged for April 9. Joseph P. Tumulty, the President's Secretary and naturally ardently pro-Wilson, was seated a few feet away while they discussed the Division. He felt that "nothing could have been pleasanter or more agreeable," that the two men met "in the most friendly fashion, told each other anecdotes, and seemed to enjoy what the

Colonel was accustomed to call a 'bully time'."

"Yes," Tumulty quoted the President as saying when Roosevelt left, "he is a great big boy. I was . . . . charmed by his personality. There is a sweetness about him that is very compelling. You can't resist the man. . . ."

"He received me pleasantly," said Roosevelt, "and we had an hour's talk. I complimented him upon his war message and told him it would rank with the world's greatest state papers *if it were made good* and I told him I wanted a chance to help him make it good. I found that . . . . there was a confusion in his mind as to what I wanted to do. I explained everything to him. He seemed to take it well, but—remember—I was talking to Mr. Wilson."

Undoubtedly the amenities were observed. But as they sat in the Red Room, which Roosevelt had once ruled, there was mutual distrust beneath the seeming affability. The President, outwardly so calm, was singularly resistant to the opinions of others, even when they were his friends and political allies.

The truth is that we do not know the motives which caused Wilson to reject the Roosevelt Division; that is, no evidence has yet been made available as to the part, among the tangled emotions which govern all men, the President's dislike of Roosevelt played. Certainly logic was on his side, and military efficiency as well. At first, Roosevelt intended to be the Divisional Commander; this is clear from his letters to Baker. It was only after the visit to Washington that he indicated his willingness to go as a junior officer. By then rejection of the plan was certain. Baker had informed Roosevelt on April 13, 1917, that the War College Division "earnestly recommends that no American troops be employed in active service" until after adequate training and that all officers of the army or the National Guard be used for that purpose. On April 22 Roosevelt said that "I am best fitted to be the Division Commander, but would consent to go as a brigade commander." By May 8 he was willing "to raise, *or help raise*" a corps of two Divisions and would "be glad to accept the junior brigadier-generalship, ranking behind the other seven brigade commanders, as well, of course, as the Division and Corps commanders. . . ."

Roosevelt continued to cite his services in the Spanish-American war, confusing his undoubted bravery for military skill. ". . . . You forget," he told Baker, "that I have commanded troops in action in the most important battle fought by the United States Army in the last half-century . . . .", a safe enough statement since in that time the only other fighting had been skirmishes against the Indians. "I desire that you judge me on my record . . . ." He pointed to the undoubted effect of an immediate expeditionary force on the morale of the Allies.

All this did not move Wilson. ". . . . I am not playing politics," said the President heatedly when Governor John M. Parker of Louisiana, a Democrat, interceded for Roosevelt. ". . . . Colonel Roosevelt is a splendid man and a patriotic citizen, as you say, but he is not a military leader. His experience in military life has been extremely short. He and many of the men with him are too old to render effective service, and in addition to that fact he as well as others have shown intolerance of discipline . . . ."

Clemenceau, hard pressed, addressed a letter to Woodrow Wilson on May 27, 1917—a letter which should have been private but which the Tiger gave to the newspapers before Wilson received it—a final appeal to have Roosevelt come. His name was the "one . . . . which

(Continued on Page 574*)*

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The Imperial "Alfalfa Bill"

(Continued from Page 556*)*

prohibited from printing their photographs on state documents; that $2-000,000 be appropriated for free books in the public schools; that a provision for paying old age pensions be worked out and adopted, and that some provision be enacted into law "requiring all state teachers to work eight hours per day."

Perhaps his most striking recommendation was that "an appropriation be made for an office building on the grounds of the capitol large enough to provide a bed for each member of the House and Senate, equipped with lights and a table where they can work on bills when the house is not in session; where they can quickly retire after night session and return in the morning" in order to remove the legislators from the menace of hotels "filled with lobbyists, who use poker games, liquor and women, and even money for bribery, where it is possible to use money, to put through legislation against the best interests of the people."

The legislature thus far has seen fit to ignore this paternal suggestion, but it has not escaped a verbal spanking for certain playful antics. In one message, after expressing his approval of "the sensible, sober conduct" characteristic of the legislature in general, the Governor hinted solemnly that while "a citizen's 'home is his castle,' this is the State House and it should not and shall not be made a bootlegger's joint and house of questionable conduct—a hint is sufficient for the wise." But let no one think that "Alfalfa Bill" is bigoted or vindictive, or that he is the ignorant, uncouth lout which his enemies tried to represent him—a country bumpkin hoisted to power by a spasm of the mass mind. He is anything but that.

His nickname was earned because of his preachment during his earlier years that alfalfa was the crop which would save the farmer, and it is applied to him in affection. "Cocklebur Bill," or "Bolivia Bill," which he is sometimes called by his enemies, he does not like at all.

He is an authority on the American Indian, and his private library of 5,000 volumes, which he tenaciously clung to during his most impecunious years, has several hundred volumes which are devoted to that subject. He is an excellent speaker, and during his four years in Congress was rated as a pretty good parliamentarian. He is a minor historian, and part of Oklahoma is sure he knows more about history, ancient and modern, than any other man in the mid-West. His "Essays on Pocahontas and Pushmataha" is a work much prized among his friends.

His schooling in the realm of practical politics has been long and rigorous. He is no babbling ignoramus, or doddering fossil, drunk with sudden power, but a man who knows the power of his office and is not afraid to use it. In these squeamish and timid times he is a governor, whatever his private eccentricities, who is not afraid to be a champion of state rights. Indeed, it was this championship which first drew widespread attention to him and caused the general public to realize that here was no uncouth, grizzled clown.

The toll bridges across the Red River, the boundary between Texas and Oklahoma, were controlled by corporations and, failing to come to terms with the corporations, the states ventured to build bridges connecting Durant, Oklahoma, and Dennison, Texas, which would be free to all travelers. The corporations obtained an injunction from a Federal judge in Texas prohibiting the states of Texas and Oklahoma from throwing their bridges open to the public, and Governor Murray first showed to an amazed nation that a sovereign state might still be sovereign if a governor knew his rights and was not afraid to enforce them. He took the position that "all powers not expressly delegated to the Federal government are specifically reserved to the states," and that any orders or decisions from any lower Federal court which conflicted with the sovereign power of a state "are void and of no effect for the simple reason that they are unlawful usurpations of power never granted or delegated by the states or the people." To quote "Alfalfa Bill" himself:

> Although some of the inferior Federal courts have for decades assumed to give corporations a footing above sovereign states, doubtless because of the well-known fact that many judges owe their positions to the influence of corporations, there is but one course for me to follow, and that is for the people.

Accordingly the governor of Oklahoma issued a statement that he could be stopped only by the Supreme Court of the United States or the President, called out his militia and marched to the Red River. Governor Sterling of Texas deemed best to obey the order of the Federal Court and had his Texas Rangers erect barricades across the free bridges, but Governor Murray, assuming command of the Oklahoma troops, tore the barricades away, and the Texas forces retreated to the Texas side of the Red River to await further orders. He then blocked the roads leading to the toll bridges and stationed his guardsmen at the entrance to stop all traffic, however venturesome or wealthy. After a few days of this bloodless warfare the Federal injunction was dissolved, the free bridges were opened and the state troops withdrawn.

"If any one is foolish enough to pay 75 cents to cross a toll bridge when there is a free one for him to use, let him do it," said Governor Murray. In explaining his position the Governor stated:

> I am opposed to the powers of the State being nullified by inferior Federal Courts. There is a twilight zone between State and Federal powers that must be wiped out. Then we will know where jurisdiction lies in controlling the great corporations. Whenever a great corporation attempts to oppress the people of my state I'll call out the National Guard to protect the people from corporate greed. Outside of the great captains of industry the United States has now no leaders other than demagogues. We should have leaders of intelligence in statecraft, capable of mastering the machine before it destroys us.

Before the jubilees of victory had hardly died away the rumors of another Punic war beat upon the ears of Okla-

(Continued on Page 571*)*

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of January 2, 1952

An article by Professor Yura No Ta of the History Department of the University of Kobe appeared in the December, 1951, issue of the *Oxford Review* on the successive additions to the territory of the United States, entitled "Columbian Expansion, 1785-1898."

Admiral Tell of the Swiss Navy and Mayor Musso of the Free City of Venice have been invited to appear before the Council of the League of Nations at its next meeting, which will be entirely devoted to a discussion of the Swiss Corridor.

Among the insurance papers of the bankrupt merchant John B. Jones of Birdville, Ia., who disappeared last month, were found insurance policies covering accident, life, fire, burglary, larceny, public liability, workmen's compensation, rental value, plate glass, jewelry, fine arts, tourist losses, damage (by water, falling aircraft, explosives, hail, riot and windstorm), automobile (liability, property damage, fire, theft, collision and upset), and earthquake.

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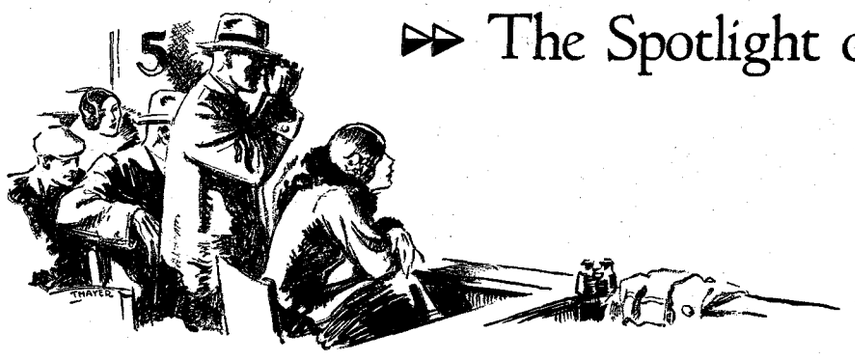
The Spotlight on Sports



Brutal Truth

ALL THIS FOOTBALL CHATTER about banning the flying wedge and restricting mass play is so much moonshine masking the real cause of the 1931 injury epidemic. The rules, with few exceptions, are all right as they stand. Unhappily they are not rigorously enforced.

The so-called flying wedge may or may not have been responsible for one or two fatalities, but the underlying reason why so many boys (mostly high school players) were killed or injured this year can be summed up in four words—illegal use of hands.

Why evade the issue? Why draw red herrings across the trail? Why pussyfoot? The brutal truth is that misguided or ill-tempered youngsters have been slugging, rabbit punching, hand slashing, and heeling each other along the scrimmage line. Few of these violations, which occur principally in high school games, are detected and fewer penalized.

Football officials are conscientious, high principled men for the most part, but they are overburdened with technical duties and cannot see all that goes on down there in the mêlée. Furthermore they are disposed to be lenient, hate to cast a stigma on impetuous boys who happen to lose their heads in the heat of conflict. Personal foul penalties are unpopular with coaches and spectators. Some umpires hesitate to "call" them.

Medical testimony indicates that brain and spine injuries caused by illegal use of hands were a contributing factor in at least half the 1931 fatalities. Punishment about the head so weakened the victim that he was cut down later by a legitimate block or tackle. A tired, groggy boy cannot protect himself.

Deaths that apparently resulted from such unavoidable hazards as open field collisions might well be traced to a partial concussion resulting from a "rabbit blow" delivered some minutes prior to the fatal accident. Football is rough enough in itself without this unwarranted introduction of pugilistic methods.

While the football code prohibits striking an opponent's face with the fist or heel of the hand, it is loosely worded, ambiguous and replete with loopholes which the unscrupulous coach can capitalize. Unhappily there are coaches not above resorting to shady tricks.

Defensive linemen are allowed to use their hands to ward off opponents. This privilege leads to flagrant abuses that violate the spirit if not the letter of the law. Unsportsmanlike players can deliver a stunning blow with the edge of the hand on an adversary's neck just below the helmet. After three or four such strokes, delivered with a quick, sharp wrist snap, the victim is ready for the sideline. He falls easy prey to a tackle that wouldn't jar him under ordinary circumstances. That kind of thing is constantly going on.

High School Football

EDWARD STOREY, physical director of the Larchmont and Mamaroneck public school systems, declares that illegal use of hands must be curbed if football is to survive. "Parent-Teacher Associations throughout the country are launching a crusade against football" said Storey. "It is too good a game to lose, yet those who control its destinies must modify the defensive use of hands or the game will be banned in the high schools. In that case college football might be doomed.

"Remember that ten schoolboys are playing football to every one varsity player. Those immature youngsters are rarely properly trained for so strenuous a game and seldom given medical supervision. They should use larger and heavier pads than their college contemporaries require, because a schoolboy's bony structure is relatively soft and not completely formed. Sudden jars and shocks do greater damage to bones still in the process of growth. The clavicle, scapula and knee joint are common points of injury.

"I firmly believe that in the interest of the high school player rule ten should be amended to prevent the use of hands by a defense man above an opponent's neck. College coaches will claim that such a provision would ruin the game. At any rate umpires must act vigorously to eliminate rabbit punching and hand slashing. They are the custodians of a game which is the last outpost of virility in a soft, effeminate age.

"The modern boy needs the Spartan discipline that football gives far more than did his predecessor of pioneer days. Our civilization surrounds him with softening influences. He grows up in a feminine atmosphere. He is nursed, reared and schooled by women. It will be unfortunate if these preventable injuries result in his being denied the hardening of muscle and stiffening of character that football is so well equipped to give him.

"We talk a lot about glorifying our American womanhood, and rightly, but why do we deny our boys their masculine birthright?

"Some injuries are unavoidable in a game based on body contact, but the majority can be prevented by restricting the flagrant use of hands now in vogue and enforcing the foul rules rigidly. Protect the high school players and you will save football."

In Defense of Meehan

A DISINTERESTED OBSERVER of the football scene cannot help sympathizing with "Chick" Meehan who resigned his position as coach at N. Y. U. recently, thus forestalling a decision not to renew his contract. Not that Chick needs any sympathy. He can take care of himself.

Meehan made N. Y. U. what it is today in a football sense, but apparently the Violet authorities aren't satisfied. Seven years ago he was hired at a salary of $15,000 to put N. Y. U. football on a "big time basis." At least such an implication is justified by the coöperation he got from the athletic office in effecting his policies.

Meehan did a swell job. He elevated N. Y. U. from a minor league plane represented by games with Hobart, Union, Manhattan and other small fry, to the status of a national football power. Under his ægis N. Y. U. fought such major adversaries as Nebraska, Georgia, Colgate, Carnegie, Tennessee and Oregon on even terms.

Ohio Field with its limited accommodations was abandoned in favor of gargantuan Yankee Stadium with its 70,000 seats. Gate receipts soared from a niggardly twenty thousand dollars per

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season to the half million mark, yet the credit balance remained surprisingly slim. Evidently this football expansion necessitated huge expenditures.

A born showman, Meehan dressed the N. Y. U. band in giddy uniforms and scheduled nationally famous opponents as drawing cards. This go-getter from Syracuse "stepped up" the quality of N. Y. U.'s football material. His personal popularity and wide acquaintanceship in prep school circles enabled him to "recruit"—in a perfectly legitimate sense—promising schoolboy players from Boston and Western Pennsylvania regions—forcing-beds for football talent. These athletes were persuaded to matriculate at N. Y. U. because of its unequaled school of commerce. Meehan's magnetism helped coax them, but there was no proof of professionalism. The boys had to pass their entrance examinations and maintain satisfactory marks in their studies.

▶▶*He Delivered the Goods*

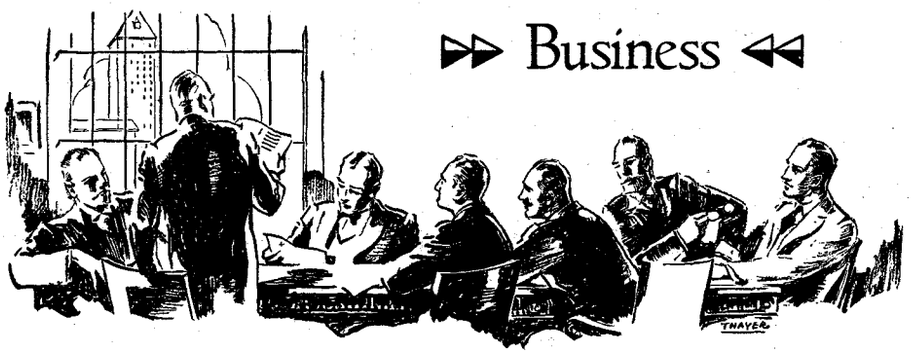
LET NO HOLIER than thou reformer condemn Chick Meehan, least of all those N. Y. U. officials who tacitly sponsored everything that his high pressure régimé stood for! Meehan was expected to give N. Y. U. a ranking eleven in return for his generous salary. He delivered the goods.

The old grads who glory in gridiron preëminence, no matter how achieved, are furious at what they call a "wave of purity." The students, with a saner sense of values, have forced the deflation. Apparently they resent the annual influx of New England prep school stars, the box office ballyhoo and the switch that took every game from the campus environment to the commercial atmosphere of Yankee Stadium.

An editorial in the N. Y. U. *Daily News* entitled "Time to retire" charged the Meehan régimé with "recruiting players, lavish entertainment of prep school prospects, offering athletic scholarship funds and disciplining of football slaves."

"I can't believe the boys would say that about me," remarked Meehan sadly. "Well I'm through with high pressure, big-time football. I'm tired of driving youngsters, goading them into a frenzy, merely to get money at the gate. There's too much grief in it for everybody concerned. If I coach again it will be at a small school where there's no emphasis put on winning and where we can play just for the fun of the thing and have a darned good time."

GEORGE TREVOR.



▶▶ Business ◀◀

▶▶*Not So Bad*

TAKEN by and large, the past week, and particularly the latter part of it, brought American business a bit of holiday cheer. The big push was supplied by bankers Lamont and Mitchell, but scarcely less important in its effect on the languishing security markets was the decision of the railway operators to sit in with the Brotherhood representatives until the wage reduction problem is "negotiated to a conclusion."

Messrs. Lamont and Mitchell did the whole world, as well as these United States, a service by dissipating much of the poison gas that has been set free in connection with Germany's financial condition. They were armed with facts and figures, and for once a legislative committee was made to sit up and take notice of them.

Renewed optimism was observable also in the petroleum industry, due to a movement to stop the Sunday production of crude oil and to cut down refining operations by the equivalent of a day a week. Steel continued sluggish, but with an undertone of expectancy based on the hope that the motor manufacturers will begin calling for deliveries soon after the turn of the year.

As for the stock market, it is not entirely shot to pieces when it can stage a 10 per cent recovery in a single day. It looks as though the usual year-end buying movement had begun, but it is likely to be moderate in view of the large number of investment trusts, banks and insurance companies that wish to conserve their cash position as much as possible during the few remaining days of 1931. In any event, 1932 is just about here, and business is ready to welcome it with open (though slightly emaciated) arms.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

COMMODITY PRICES (Fisher's Index—1926=100) December 17—67.0. (Crump's British Index—1926 =100) December 17—66.4.

CAR LOADINGS (American Railway Assn.) Week ended December 5—636,366 cars (increase of 77,559 over preceding week; reduction of 150,706 under same week of 1930).

STEEL INGOT PRODUCTION Week ended December 12 —25% of capacity (reduction of 2% under preceding week and of 12% under same week of 1930).

CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION Week ended December 12 —daily average gross 2,456,650 barrels (increase of 6,800 over preceding week and of 223,800 over same week of 1930).

BANK CLEARINGS (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended December 17—$7,082,022,000 (increase of 31.7% over preceding week; reduction of 32.4% under same week of 1930).

FAILURES (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended December 17—667 (increase of 92 over preceding week and of 63 over same week of 1930).

▶▶*"Volumes" at a Nickel*

REAR ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE, U. S. N. (retired), gave the book publishers something to think about over the holidays when he announced, on December 14, that he had completed an invention on which he has spent ten or twelve years of hard work and more than $15,000 in real money.

The invention is double-barreled, consisting of a book produced in an entirely new way and a reading machine which weighs less than four ounces and resembles a lorgnette in size and shape. The books can be produced at about four cents and the machine can be manufactured in quantity at a dollar each.

The sample book which Admiral Fiske exhibited at his headquarters at the Hotel Commodore was a 25,000-word magazine story which, originally typewritten on ordinary paper, had been reduced by photoengraver to one twenty-fifth of its original size, thus making a slip of paper about two and one-half inches wide and twenty-three inches long. A 100,000-word novel or technical work can be produced by using both sides of two slips of paper of the size indicated.

His invention, says the Admiral, eliminates the cost of typesetting and will enable any author, by dealing directly with a printer, to become his own publisher. A 100,000-word book can be folded in an ordinary business envelope and mailed for a two-cent stamp.

The book publishers, who had their troubles even before the Fiske torpedo was launched, will certainly have to get into action now. Their only chance ap-

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pears to be to surround the Admiral and capture him alive. He would probably be extremely hard to sink.

Vagaries—Series 28

ALL pepped up by the welcome given to the Vagaries on their return to this page a few weeks ago, we present, as the 28th instalment, these duly authenticated items:

1. Enterprise of Thomas Bata, shoe manufacturer, who left Prague on December 10 in a tri-motored plane with samples for his trade in Africa, Asia Minor, India and the Dutch East Indies.

2. Burial at sea, off Battery Wharf, Boston, of "General D. Pression." The General's alleged remains were encased in a pine coffin, painted black and decorated with bunches of carrots, beets and turnips.

3. Another coffin story, coming up from Wrightsville, Georgia. When country storekeeper Henry Black died his stock was found to include six home-made burial caskets. At the auction sale undertakers bid the coffins up to two dollars each.

4. Development of "narrowcasting," by which light waves from neon rays were made to carry sound across the Hudson River. The advantage of the new method lies in the fact that light beams crisscross without mingling the messages they may carry, while even two messages on a single radio channel may be hopelessly tangled.

5. A new achievement in photography—the development by two French scientists, Professors Magnan and Huguenard of the College of France, of a lens and apparatus that take pictures at a speed of 3,000 a second. In demonstrating the process the professors showed the first pictures ever taken of insects in flight.

6. Appraisal by Dr. F. E. Lawson of London of the value of a human body at five shillings. A man weighing 140 pounds will yield enough fat for seven cakes of soap, enough carbon for 9,000 lead pencils, enough iron to make one nail, and enough lime to whitewash one chicken-coop. FRANK A. FALL.

DRAMATIC critics are under fire again. *Equity*, the monthly publication of the Actors' Equity Association, has made still another attempt to define the functions of a critic. "For," the editor writes, "despite the ability and the conscientiousness of many who sit in the critical chair, there are still far too many who regard their positions as a medium for their personal advancement or the establishment of a piquant and arresting personality at the expense of any person or thing on which they may lay hold." Can you imagine that? *Equity* thinks there are critics who are trying to get ahead in the world! "If," the editorial naïvely goes on, "the public could trust the advance notices and the advertisements which emanate from producers' offices there would be no need of critics; or if the public could see plays as they do automobiles before paying for them, mere reporters might do." Mere reporters, indeed! There are darn few reporters so mere that they would try to get away with two such meaningless and sloppy sentences as the above from *Equity*. Isn't a good dramatic critic in any case a good reporter with special training? Isn't it the absolute duty of a good reporter to relate as clearly as possible the significant aspects of something he has been sent to cover? If the play and the performance are bad, it's his job to say so, regardless of the feelings of any misguided persons who may have acted or invested in the offering. Whatever he may say to the contrary to appear smart, a dramatic critic must love the theatre or he wouldn't be doing what he does. There are no dramatic critics of any standing in this country who do not want to see good shows. At first, when they begin their careers, they may like a show to be so bad that it's good and hence easy to write about, but that soon palls.

The loveliest bit of confused thinking in the whole editorial comes when the editor tries, I'm sure, to be constructively critical: "It seems to *Equity* that the correction of such abuses as exist must lie wholly in the hands of the producing managers. They have, to a large extent, made the school of personal criticism what it is by starring those critics who have pleased them, in their advertising. . . . . The producing managers may say to the newspaper editors, in effect: 'As long as your critics come to appraise our productions and report on them as the impartial representatives of the public, we will coöperate with them—even when their verdicts are averse to our interests. But when they use our productions, our playwrights and our actors as flying trapezes from which to perform for the public we will not admit them to our theatres under any circumstances'." Does *Equity* really suppose that any critic writes a piece with an eye to quotation in advertising? If he did, how on earth could he remain the kind of personal critic to which the actors object? Boiled down, all the whole thing amounts to is that actors and producers don't like bad notices if they are the subjects of them. That is all very understandable, but I'd be even more sympathetic if I hadn't heard quite so many actors and producers quote with venomous glee the uncomplimentary remarks of some critic or other about some other actor or producer. Based as it is on exhibitionism in one form or another, the theatre is the most individual-

(Continued on Page 570)

Recommended Shows

BRIEF MOMENT: Civilized comedy about people who talk well but don't do much.
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW: What goes on in a rising young Jewish lawyer's office. Paul Muni fine.
CYNARA: British play about a husband who cheats in spite of himself.
GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS: Songs, dances, girls and sketches. Howard, Merman and Vallee.
LOUDER, PLEASE!: Slapstick about Hollywood press-agentry with Lee Tracy and Bob Gleckler.
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA: Murder and incest in Old New England. It lasts six hours but Nazimova makes it worth it.
REUNION IN VIENNA: An amusing vehicle for the Lunts.
SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY: Very slender but often very funny farce.
THE BAND WAGON: Closing January 16 after a good run. Tasteful and tuneful revue.
THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET: Don't you all know this is good by now?
THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE: Romantic operetta by Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach.
THE GOOD FAIRY: Charmingly ridiculous Hungarian comedy with Helen Hayes at her best.
THE LAUGH PARADE: Ed Wynn in the funniest musical show in town.
THE LEFT BANK: Elmer Rice intelligently examines expatriates.

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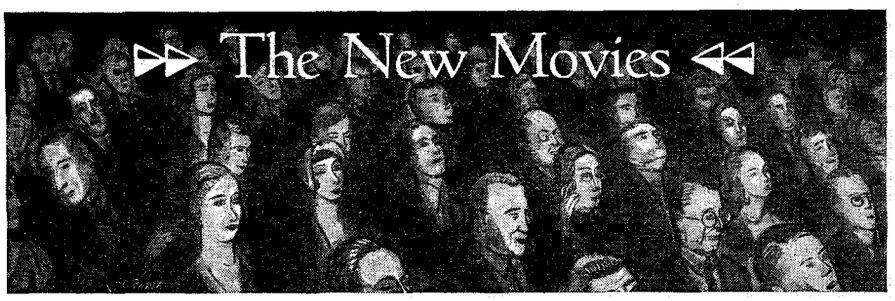

"Happy" New Year, etc., etc.

If you think that Santa Claus has turned out to be a bill collector and that the New Year is merely somebody's idea of a bad joke, you should read some of the financial statements from the former land of private swimming pools and solid gold villas. While a few movie stars are still basking in the glow of rich contracts, the revenues from the theatres have been dropping steadily and something is due to crack up in a short while. Already a receiver has been asked for the RKO company and within the coming year it is quite likely that some of the largest producers will be talking of mergers and bankruptcies.

As has been repeatedly pointed out, Hollywood's present situation is not entirely due to the depression. The motion picture has never really found itself. It has kept itself alive by improving its technique, by imitating the Germans (1921-4), by building fancy theatres and by adding sound. Now, for the first time, the American film industry is standing alone and shivering in that same cold white dawn about which it once had so many subtitles. It has superlative technical equipment, a fine distribution system and about 15,000 more or less luxurious playhouses. In spite of present conditions it has a potential audience of a good many millions of cash customers each week. All it needs is the wit, talent, ingenuity, skill, dramatic sense and enthusiasm necessary to make an adequate supply of pictures. It looks very much as though Hollywood was on the carpet. Its theories about making muck for the "masses" are not holding up. Some of the very oldest tricks are producing mediocre results. *Over the Hill*, which brought in millions ten years ago, remained only a week at the Roxy in New York in its new sound edition. Hollywood is worried and bewildered.

At this point it might be interesting to consider two books on the movies which have just been published, one in this country, and the other in England. *A History of the Movies**, the American volume, is a bulky and detailed account of the growth of the various film companies and the personalities who brought them into power. It was done by Benjamin B. Hampton, himself a part of the industry. While I am quite ready to trust his facts implicitly, I cannot always agree with his conclusions. It seems to me an elaborate defense of mediocrity, a puff sheet for all the stupidities and frailties of which Hollywood has been guilty. Mr. Hampton is not interested in art, and is rather proud of the fact. Again and again he sniffs at critics and other awful "sophisticates" who ridicule the simple amusement of the "masses." In 456 pages of text and 191 illustrations he has no mention whatever of *Caligari*, unquestionably one of the most interesting films ever made. On one page he says American films have succeeded because they did not try to "educate" their public but a few pages later admits that a few good pictures have now educated audiences out of the movie habit. The book is, in fact, a defense of Hollywood and of the industry as a whole. So completely does Mr. Hampton overlook all the elements which the rest of the world has regarded as essential to any sort of literary or dramatic achievement that the book is a sort of case history of mediocrity, a defense of second-rateness. It is the voice of Hollywood, and as such makes curious and fantastic reading.

*Celluloid, the Film Today*** comes from an English critic, and very good it is, too. Paul Rotha is little known in this country, but his essays and reviews show not only that he knows his movies, but that he is thinking seriously about the technique of the motion picture. At the same time he is keenly alive to the commercial and mechanical difficulties which stand in the way of the man who tries to make an exceptional film. If you are discouraged about the movies, read this. It will revive your faith.

Worth Seeing

Around the World with Douglas Fairbanks: Travelogue through the Orient conducted by your old friend Doug.

Arrowsmith: An honest and intelligent filming of Sinclair Lewis' novel about a young scientist.

The Champ: Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper as a played-out old fighter and his small son.

Five Star Final: An expose of the damage done by tabloid newspapers. Exciting and bitter.

The Guardsman: Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne of the Theatre Guild in something pretty light and amusing.

Monkey Business: The four Marx brothers in their latest delirium. The best farce of the year.

Private Lives: Noel Coward's dialogue with Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery.

Sooky: A successor to *Skippy* which it very much resembles. Jackie Cooper and Bobby Coogan are still grand.

In German

Elisabeth von Osterreich: Gossip, scandal and intrigue featuring Elisabeth of Austria, Franz Joseph and mad Ludwig of Bavaria. Well done and quite interesting.

Cash in Censorship

During the past ten years the New York State motion picture censorship board has achieved a *net profit* of $1,200,000. Not only is the peek-and-be-shocked industry fundamentally sound, it is on the increase, reports Dr. James Wingate, head of the board. In the year ending June 30 last some 3,031 scenes and titles were "eliminated" as opposed to a mere 2,116 the year before. Although the censor board's cash revenue depends upon the number of reels inspected and not the number of cuts it makes, this increase in "eliminations" is the sort of thing censors like. It proves to the taxpayers that their censor board is hot on the job and really "necessary." While the rest of the country has been suffering from stagnation, Dr. Wingate and his aids have been shocked almost fifty per cent more often than in the previous year. Apparently they enjoy their work. Last year the New York Board (four individuals on a salary from the State Education Department) rejected fourteen films, three of which were later approved after drastic butchery. The past year's "eliminations" were for the following reasons; indecent—468; inhuman—243; tending to incite to crime—1,129; immoral or tending to corrupt morals—1,165; sacrilegious—26.

"Tonight or Never"

Gloria Swanson's teeth, slicky clothes and pulp-paper magazine romances are now so familiar that to a good many people they *are* the movies. Some think her films are the only ones made. *Tonight or Never* is a faithful copy of a Belasco comedy about an opera singer who has been told that her voice will never have warmth and passion until she has a lover. As usual this sort of thing

(Continued on Page 570)

* A History of the Movies by Benjamin B. Hampton; Covici-Friede; $5.00.

** Celluloid, the Film Today, by Paul Rotha: Longmans Green; $3.00.

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The New Books

The Week's Reading

Bret Harte: Argonaut and Exile
By George R. Stewart, Jr.
Houghton Mifflin, $5.00.

The author has made assiduous inquiry into Bret Harte's early life—family, childhood and struggles to make a precarious living in California. It is true, as Mr. Stewart points out, that in former biographies there is little material on this part of Harte's life; while after he became a success the material is almost superabundant. Yet it cannot be said that all this new matter throws strong light on Harte's literary development, nor is it even highly interesting in itself. He worked on newspapers, held at one time a minor Federal clerkship, visited the mines (but not nearly so much as his tales would suggest) and wrote a few stories of mining life which have a fetching combination of rough fun and sentimentalism. Then he jumped suddenly into universal attention through his "Heathen Chinee" poem, the catchy lines of which were quoted by everyone, everywhere. When he came East he was besieged with offers for stories, poems, plays and lectures. He was not lazy, as some believe. He has at least forty book titles, but of all these volumes only a half dozen short stories, a mediocre novel, *Gabriel Conroy*, and two or three narrative poems, are read today. The fact is that Harte's vein of literary gold petered out. The author aptly compares Harte with a business man who fails in middle life and finds his well-conceived efforts rendered futile by a lack of physical and mental force.

Personally Bret Harte was a queer stick. He was not a snob or a dude but he sometimes acted like both. When he received the eminent honor of being the Phi Beta Kappa poet at Harvard, he appeared in a sporty suit with green kid gloves, and read a poor poem he had written nine years before! Mark Twain's remark about him is quoted often: Harte was, said Mark, "one of the pleasantest men I have ever known; he was also one of the unpleasantest men I have ever known."

One heroic action is to be credited to Bret Harte. When he was less than twenty-five years old he was left in charge of a newspaper in Uniontown. While the editor was away a hideous massacre took place of innocent Indians by settlers roused to rage because of acts committed by other Indians in another place! About sixty Indians—men, women and children, were brutally slaughtered with axes and knives. Harte wrote and published a scathing denunciation of "the shocking and revolting spectacle," ending, "We can conceive of no wrong that a babe's blood can atone for." Harte narrowly escaped lynching, but escaped, through "departure by request."

Beyond doubt Mr. Stewart has written the fullest and most satisfactory life of this man of odd personality and of unquestionable genius, running however in a rather narrow groove.

R. D. Townsend.

In getting together the collection of essays in *American Writers on American Literature* (Liveright, $5) John Macy has presented a lively and—if compared with the textbooks—unconventional picture. He has endeavored to "collect a diversified group of collaborators who should be united only by their common interest in the art of writing, who should regard criticism as an act of creation," and whose approach is neither academic nor historical. A very valuable book, it seems to us—much more valuable than the handbooks and histories which are all too apt to sort and arrange and classify cut and dried material from which all the life has been beaten by too much handling. And stimulating—if there can be no stimulation without irritation. For it will irritate you, we hope, as it did us. Stephen Crane, for instance, gets one line in 500 pages. Henry James, now out of fashion, gets 20 pages of shrugs from Robert Herrick. Llewellyn Jones' paper on Contemporary Fiction is good, but so loosely woven that a number of important authors have slipped out between the meshes. But there are excellent essays on Emerson by Henry Hazlitt, Hawthorne by Louis Bromfield, Thoreau by Gilbert Seldes, Melville by Raymond Weaver, Henry Adams by William MacDonald, Prescott, Motley and Parkman by Allan Nevins, Pacific Coast Literature by Charles Caldwell Dobie, Negro Literature by Walter White, Modern American Philosophers by T. V. Smith, and American Drama by Percy H. Boynton. One of the best things about the book is that you will find what every volume on American literature should—and almost never does—contain—conflicting opinions.

Illustrated Magic
By Ottokar Fischer
Macmillan, $5.00

If you yearn to shine at evening parties by snatching lighted cigarettes from the air, making a chosen card flutter up out of the pack, or escaping from knotted ropes, this book, with its 230-odd illustrations should be a great help, for it explains everything from sleight of hand to mind reading and the most elaborate tricks of stage magicians. The most minute and careful instructions are given for manipulating cards and small objects, and apparatus is both pictured and described. Fulton Oursler has written a preface containing short sketches of the most famous magicians. And did you know that there was an International Brotherhood of Magicians?

Eyes on Russia
By Margaret Bourke-White
Simon & Schuster, $5.00

Miss Bourke-White went to Russia to photograph machines. This book records what her own eyes took in as well as what the camera recorded, and both views—one as practical, personal and non-theoretical as the other—combine to give you a better idea of "what is going on over there" than many heavier tomes. The photographs,

What to Read

FICTION

Maid in Waiting, by John Galsworthy: Scribners. A quiet drama of English life. Readers of Mr. Galsworthy's Forsyte chronicles will find a few old friends.

The Almond Tree, by Grace Zaring Stone: Bobbs, Merrill. The story of three sisters.

Westward Passage, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton Mifflin. On a transatlantic steamer a happily married woman falls in love again with her divorced husband.

Malaisie, by Henri Fauconnier: Macmillan. Life in the Malay jungles.

Two Against Scotland Yard, by David Frome: Farrar & Rinehart. A readable murder mystery.

NON-FICTION

The Care and Feeding of Adults, by Logan Clendening: Knopf. A book against cranks and in behalf of those who fall for the crank's schemes.

Theodore Roosevelt, A Biography, by Henry F. Pringle: Harcourt, Brace. The first full and impartial biography of T. R.

The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind, by H. G. Wells: Doubleday, Doran. The third part of Mr. Wells's massive trilogy.

Bernard Shaw, by Frank Harris. Simon & Schuster: An unconventional "unauthorized" biography.

Free Wheeling, by Ogden Nash; Simon & Schuster. Amusing light verse.

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of which there are 40, are very fine. The text is lively and informative.

Second Mercury Story Book
Longmans, $2.50

A second anthology of stories from the London Mercury, twenty-seven of them, by Maurice Baring, Max Beerbohm, Archibald Marshall, M. R. James, C. E. Montague, J. C. Squire, Henry Williamson, Margaret Irwin and others. Not great stories, any of them, but a good collection, with a high percentage of the fantastic and the supernatural.

The Legacy of Islam
Edited by Sir Thomas Arnold and Alfred Guillaume
Oxford, $3.50

Another volume in the Legacy Series, containing chapters by various authorities on Spain and Portugal, the Crusades, Geography and Commerce, Art, Literature, Mysticism, Philosophy, Law and Society, Science and Medicine, Music, Astronomy and Mathematics. A compact, nicely printed, well illustrated book of 400 pages into which we dipped here and there with much pleasure and profit. For Islam has had more effect on our modern European civilization, there are more traces of it in our art, our thought and our daily life, than we realize unless we have given the matter some thought.

A Naturalist in Brazil
By Konrad Guenther
Houghton Mifflin, $5.00

Wide knowledge mixed with imagination makes this account of the flora and fauna of Brazil fascinating reading. Dr. Guenther spent a year in the country, promoting measures to combat the insects which attacked the plantations. There are chapters on the ocean shore, the mangrove woods, the jungle—which we learned to our surprise is not dim and dark, but full of sunlight—on reptiles, birds, ants, flowers, plantations, the lianas; and a concluding chapter on the Brazilians themselves. Exact and comprehensive scientific knowledge is back of the easy informative style, so that the book may well serve as a guidebook for the use of naturalists, amateur or professional.

New Roads to Prosperity
By Paul M. Mazur
Viking, $2.00

The Crisis and Some Ways Out is the sub-title of this attempt to suggest a remedy for our troubles. A defender of capitalism, Mr. Mazur believes that its error was in turning earnings into increased production, rather than, by way of higher wages and bigger dividends, toward stimulation of consumption. To one who knows practically nothing of economics the argument seems sound; at least it is clearly written and understandable, and we believe that plans and theories that are easily understood by the man of average intelligence are the only ones that are ever of any practical value. Whether you agree with the book or not, we believe you will read it with interest.

Getting a Divorce
By Isabel Drummond
Knopf, $5.00

A guide to the tangled jungle of contradictory and complicated divorce laws and practices of our 48 states, Mexico, Cuba and Sweden, which answers comprehensively all the questions any one contemplating divorce would ask. The author, a member of the Philadelphia bar, gives for illustration in her introduction the hypothetical case of a man who with the best of intentions was guilty of half a dozen serious crimes, and who, as he passed from one state to another, changed, not only his crimes, but his wife. The second half of the book contains a summary of the divorce laws of the different states.

Geography and Stamps
By Kent B. Stiles
Whittley House, $3.00

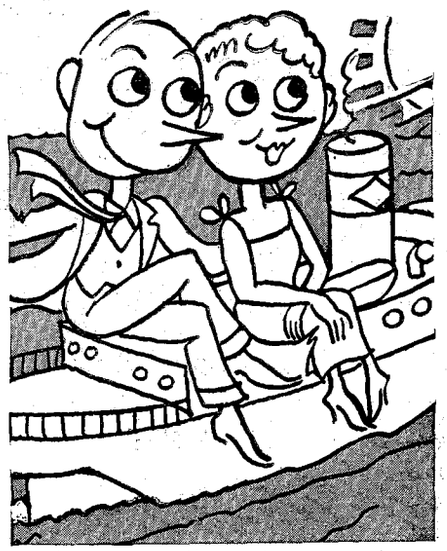
How the changes in national boundaries and the results of discovery and exploration are reflected in the stamp collector's album is the subject of this book, which would be more interesting if it were more easily written. It is illustrated with many cuts of stamps, and two-thirds is given over to an alphabetical list of the thousand names of countries, cities and governments that have issued stamps, with an explanation of its political and geographical position. This latter part of the book should be valuable to collectors as a reference book.

The Story of Medicine
By Victor Robinson
A. & C. Boni, $5.00

From the Stone Age to the Mayo Clinic, Dr. Robinson has covered the entire history of progress in the science of medicine—a story that the layman might read with profit, for it will show him what lies behind the prescription that the doctor gives him so easily, and which he takes as a matter of course. Instead of cursing out the family physician for not getting him back on his feet in a few days, or for recommending an operation that he can ill afford, he may perhaps devote a little time to giving thanks that he is not attended by Galen, Hippocrates, or that Sextus Placitus who treated fever by cutting a splinter from a door through which a eunuch had passed.

The Time of Gold
By Diana Patrick
Dutton, $2.00

When we read in the early pages of this story an excited account of a little girl prodigy who sings, dances, and imitates people in a marvelous way, we know that she will grow up, go on the stage, and have suitors, good and bad. So she does; but the jaded reader feels



Dear Jim:

Say, boy, I'm doing the thing I've wanted to do ever since I smoked my first corn silks . . . hitting the old sea trail that Morgan, and Kidd, and the rest of that jolly bunch followed when they were laying for Spanish gold. And I've a hunch it was more than gold that kept 'em down in these waters. No kidding, Jim, there's something down here that gets under your skin. These United Fruit boats are okay, too — big enough to be comfortable and small enough to be chummy. And do these boys know their tropics? Well, they ought to — been making these ports for a quarter century or more. Grand eats and lots of fun. See me and the Mrs. on the top deck looking at the moon? I said it gets you.

Why don't you and Min meet us in Guatemala City? Get hold of your tourist agent, or write the main office for all the dope. Just United Fruit Company, New York'll get 'em.*

Bob

(*It would, but anyhow it's Pier 3, North River, Dept. L, New York, N. Y.)

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the pumped up pathos and the machine-made humor glance off his sensibilities without squeezing out a single tear or smile. To the sweetly simple reader who in the old days read the love tales in Godey's and the Waverly Magazine, if any such remain, and to them only, this novel will appeal.

Poisons and Poisoners
By C. J. S. Thompson
Macmillan, $4.50

Here are all the facts about hellebore and henbane, strychnine, arsenic and dozens of other items in the poisoner's little medicine chest. Even extract of toads, bacteria and powdered diamonds are considered. The history of poisons and their use, and the legends and superstitions that have grown up about them, together with the stories of famous poisoning cases from Cesare Borgia to Roland Molyneux, cram this thick volume with curious, fascinating and gruesome facts.

From This Dark Stairway
By M. G. Eberhart
Crime Club, $2.00

Another story of Nurse Keate and Lance O'Leary, but not nearly as good as the previous ones. Dr. Harrigan decides suddenly to operate on Peter Melady, but on the way to the operating room someone operates on him with a large knife, he is found dead in the elevator, and the patient has disappeared. There's a Chinese snuff bottle, a formula for a new anæsthetic, a long golden hair and a piece of chewing gum to consider, also a lot of confusing data about the elevator's position at 12:18 Eastern Standard time. The murderer was ingenious, but we don't really believe yet that he did it. Nor do we much care.

The Sword in the Pool
By Dwight Marfield
Dutton, $2.00

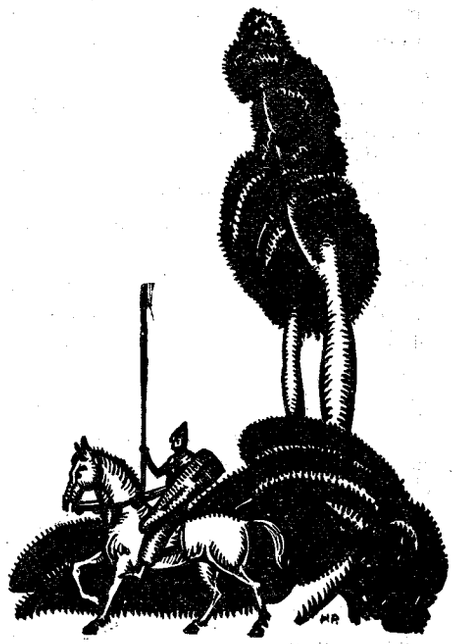
Connie Van Amster, a wealthy young lady of Manhattan, with a habit of dashing about her penthouse apartment in nothing at all, is found stabbed in her swimming pool, after a wild party. The negro maid, Hadj, the Senegalese soldier, a Russian princess and several less exotic suspects mill around and get in the reader's way, but a newspaper lady charmingly named Gail McGurk sorts out the likely ones and nails the criminal. Fair to middling.

How to Tell Your Friends From the Apes
By Will Cuppy
Liveright, $1.75

There has long been a demand for just such a treatise as this, though, frankly, we were in doubt, when we first picked up the volume, whether even Mr. Cuppy's genius would be adequate to the task which he has undertaken. It is the difficulty of the subject which has hitherto discouraged the savants in advance. People are so prone to snap-judgments in detecting these subtle differences, or to rely on simple rule-of-thumb tests, such as the proffer of peanuts, thus offending their friends, or—more seriously—the apes. However, Mr. Cuppy has made it all very clear, and there is no longer the slightest margin for error. The book also treats exhaustively of many other members of the animal kingdom, ending on a high note of optimism, thrice welcome during these discouraging days.

The Book of Ballyhoo
Simon & Schuster, $1.25

This is a selection of burlesque advertisements from a magazine which specializes in them. "Nobiloil Stands Up—Because it is Polite." "They're Hash Browned." "Sanotub—the Bathtub



with a Rumble Seat." And so on, with pictures and text to match. Some of them very funny—but not without being vulgar.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

The Latest Plays

(Continued from Page 566)

istic calling in the world. Why not recognize that fact once and for all and welcome the better manifestations of it. Surely keen and spicy writing about the theatre is one of them.

Backstage at the Vanities

A character in a recent French play remarks, in effect, "For some years now, intelligence has been in ill repute. It seemed that stupidity was worth more." In view of the fact that reputable scouts report that Earl Carroll's *Vanities* has been playing to virtual capacity since it opened nearly four months ago, the point would seem to be proved. Surely there has rarely been a stupider revue produced. That is, so far as the humor, musical worth, taste or even beauty of anything that occurs on the stage is concerned. But so smoothly did the massive production move, to no good purpose at all, that I decided I would have to try to get backstage to find out how that part of it is done. So imposing, too, is the auditorium that I was quite willing to believe the wildest claims of the press agent about the accommodations backstage. I could peek through the "Portals through which pass the most beautiful girls in the world," and see that they *were* guarded by "girl receptionists as sweet and beautiful as those within the stage confines," but I wanted to find out how the dinosaur really worked. As a critic I should really know about the workings of one stage dinosaur so that I may intelligently compare it with the next one I see. You don't think the girls themselves had anything to do with it, do you? What I wanted to know was where all that perfectly useless chromium went to when it was replaced by an equally gigantic mass of brass. What? You still think I wanted to see the "powder room" in which the "beautiful girls may be sprayed with whiting by compressed air, the gymnasium, shower baths and the spacious mirror room"? All right, have it your own way. I went to see all of those things. Incidentally, there were no girls in the ones I saw, but the equipment was quite as advertised.

There really is a clubroom for the musicians and the stage hands to play cards in. A loud speaker arrangement does broadcast the whole performance in all the dressing rooms so that there is no need for a call boy and no excuse for missing a cue. The electric lift under the stage is a marvellous machine, and the whole show now only takes thirty-five in the stage crew to run it, because almost everything is done by pushing a button. However, the human element is far from being eliminated. Did something go just a bit wrong in one of the sketches? Mr. Will Mahony came off using language that any longshoreman would be proud of. And the night I was there a chorus "boy" entered the stage door portals with a wire-haired fox terrier that he had absentmindedly brought with him. Perplexed, he finally had an inspiration: "I'd better leave him in the Orchid Room awhile," he said.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

The New Movies

(Continued from Page 567)

brings squeals from the girls in the audience, and so I gather that the film is a success. It gives Gloria a chance to dress up in a lot of expensive clothes and sing a bit while pining away for the love of a mysterious stranger. For the occasion Miss Swanson has produced a new leading man—Melvyn Douglas. He has

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perfect manners and might pass for a head-waiter anywhere. The gowns are credited to Chanel, the Paris dressmaker who recently made a much publicized trip to Hollywood, but I understand she left that center of light and learning in a huff. They told her her dresses weren't sensational enough. She made a lady look like a lady. Hollywood wants a lady to look like *two* ladies.

▶▶"*Explorers of the World*"

Although it brings together in one film the adventures of six men in the remote corners of the earth, *Explorers of the World* is hardly worth all the fuss. While the pictures were unreeling I had a distinct feeling that I had seen very similar pictures several times before, and sometimes that I had seen better ones. For instance, three years ago Harold Noice exhibited a film of the same tribe of Brazilian Indians he shows in this film, which was much more interesting than the present one. However, this may be an unfair criticism, for if Hollywood has a right to remake the same old story every five years I suppose explorers have a right to show the same kind of animals every now and then. So if you have a yen for giraffes, penguins, wild beasts and ceremonial dances, *Explorers of the World* should interest you. The explorers are, Harold McCracken (Alaska and Siberia); Gene Lamb (Asia); James L. Clark (Africa); Commander J. R. Stenhouse (Antarctic); Laurence M. Gould (with Byrd) and Harold Noice (Amazon).

CREIGHTON PEET.

The Imperial "Alfalfa Bill"

(Continued from Page 563)

homa, this time against the big oil companies. The national production of oil had been cut to 2,100,000 barrels when the East Texas production jumped from 10,000 to 600,000 barrels daily and prices fell from a dollar a barrel to 10 cents, far below its actual value. Oklahoma has a tax levy of 3 per cent on every barrel of oil sold in the state, the sum derived being distributed to county roads, county schools and general state purposes. The peak of revenue to the state had been reached in 1927 when $12,102,426.28 had been derived from oil and gas production, but in July, 1931, for instance, receipts from this source had fallen to $318,930.45 as against $829,581.48 in receipts for the same month in 1930, and in the fiscal year ending June, 1931, there was a loss of $3,457,677.06. This was too much for the Governor and he acted under section 7955 of the state laws, statutes of 1921, which provided "that the taking of crude oil or petroleum from any oil-bearing sand or sands in the State of Oklahoma at a time when there is not a market demand therefore at the well at a price equivalent to the actual value of such crude oil is hereby prohibited . . . ."

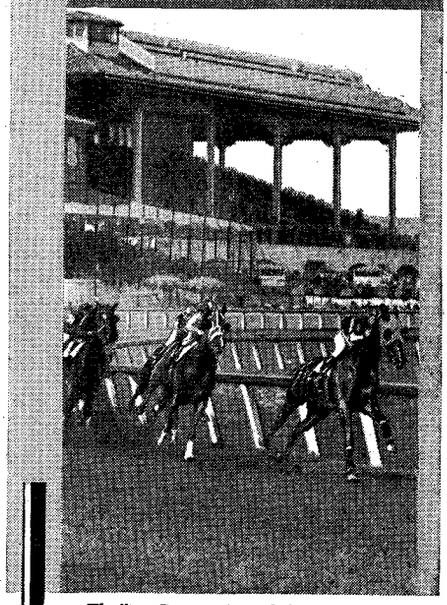
The Governor demanded that the purchasing companies pay a dollar a barrel or close down. The independent operators, in ruinous competition with Sinclair and Standard Oil, gladly obeyed orders, but their powerful rivals went merrily on their way buying oil at 10 cents a barrel and selling it at prices ranging from $42 to $58 a barrel, until the irritated Guardian of State Rights, acting under article VI, section 2, of his state constitution, providing that the governor should exercise "supreme executive power" to compel conformity to law, again called out his National Guardsmen and closed down 3,000 wells in one day. Soon the oil companies raised the purchase price of crude oil to $1 per barrel, and all was well. To make the victory more complete the Texas governor, after some vacillating, followed suit, and everybody was happy except, perhaps, the oil companies.

SINCE his second major victory Governor Murray, who maintains he is the same "Alfalfa Bill" as heretofore, has been hailed in some quarters as the strong man of the nation; and is being boosted by his friends for the Democratic nomination for President. His enemies have been silenced, for the time being at least, and he stands at the apex of public attention, not only in his own state, where he is looked upon by his enthusiastic followers as something of a Messiah, but in the nation at large. But "Alfalfa Bill" goes his own way unperturbed and between puffs on his long black cigar insists that he merely does his duty and that any governor who knows the extent of his power and is not afraid to use it would receive the same approval from his people.

In Oklahoma and, indeed, elsewhere, his admirers believe that any measure he advocates will succeed merely because he has undertaken it. The point is well illustrated by the delegation of three hundred Kansans who called at the Oklahoma statehouse last August to request him to enter the contest for the presidency. A friend of the Governor asked a woman member of the visiting delegation what they thought of "Alfalfa Bill" out in Kansas.

"Why," replied the visitor, "if we were in the middle of a long drought and Bill Murray said it was going to rain, we would begin setting out the tubs right away!"

CALIFORNIA TRAVEL TIPS



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Music

Notable New Recordings

ONE of the most legitimate functions of the phonograph is to acquaint those of us who cannot travel everywhere with the typical music of other countries as interpreted by native artists. A recent most noteworthy importation by the Gramophone Shop, at 16 East 48th Street, New York, is an album containing Smetana's *Má Vlast*, that remarkable group of six tone poems so descriptive of Bohemian life[1]. It has been recorded by the *Ceská Filharmonie*, the symphony orchestra of Prague, conducted by V. Talich, and takes up ten double-sided twelve-inch disks. The playing of the intensely nationalistic music is fine throughout and, for such an importation, the price asked—$17.50—does not seem excessive.

FOR a lot less money—$4.00, to be exact—our local Columbia company has made available a repressing of Walter Gieseking playing the Beethoven *Sonata in D Minor, Op. 31, No. 2, for Pianoforte*[2]. The pianist's beautiful and musicianly interpretation is almost perfectly caught on these disks.

Columbia is also responsible for giving us an album of Bach, *Transcriptions for Piano*, played by Percy Grainger, which is first class in every respect[3]. The set includes *Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, for Organ*, transcribed by Tausig and Busoni and two other organ compositions, the *Prelude and Fugue in A Minor* and the *Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor*, both transcribed by Lizst. An odd side is filled up with an arrangement by Mr. Grainger of *Blithe Bells* which he calls a "Ramble on Bach's Aria, *Sheep May Graze in Safety*." Percy Grainger always seems to manage to be both sound and brilliant, no matter what piece he elects to play.

A SINGLE orchestral record which is great fun is Arthur Honneger and an anonymous orchestra playing that composer's *Pacific 231*[4]. It is clear, rhythmic and vigorous playing and as long as the Baldwin Locomotive Company have not brought suit against M. Honneger on account of the noises he alleges their locomotive to emit, I am quite willing to sit back and enjoy it. Certainly it is one of the best examples of that type of polyphony we have and it is always interesting to have works conducted by their composers.

O. C.-T.

1. H.M.V. AN 386-95.
2. Columbia 67996-7 D.
3. Columbia Album M. 166.
4. Columbia G-67998.

▶▶ Prose and Worse ◀◀

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the flat
Not a creature was stirring, not even a rat,
The stockings were hung on the steam-pipe with care
In the hope that Saint Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds
While dreams of the cinemas danced through their heads
With pictures of Santa Claus stunts they had seen,
While out at the movies, displayed on the screen,
And Mama in pajamas and I B. V. D.
Had just settled ourselves for a long sleep-E-Z,
When out on the fire-escape rose such a clatter
I sprang from twinbed to see what was the matter,
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a lively old man in an aeroplane near
With a red coat and whiskers so bushy and thick
I knew in a minute it must be Saint Nick.
Then up on the housetop the aeroplane flew
With a cargo of toys and Saint Nicholas too.
I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the fire-escape Santa Claus came with a bound;
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk
And sprang to his flying-ship, stepped on the gas
With a "Ghwhirr!!" that resembled the bray of an ass,
And, then, when the old boy had finished his task,
He took a big gulp from his hippocket flask,
And I heard him exclaim, as he rose to the skies,
"Merry Christmas to all, both the Wets and the Drys!"

FREDERIC W. PANGBORN.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

"The course of science is smoother than the course of true love."

Sir James Jeans, *Scientist.*

To the seventh decimal
Science can construe
Life infinitesimal
In a drop of dew;
(But one tear of love has hidden worlds of pain from view).

From the animalculous
Clue in fossil bed,
Biologic calculus
Re-creates the dead;
(Bygone love is silent ashes when desire has fled).

Smooth the paths of science
Down the grooves of time;
Rough the road's defiance
Whither love must climb;
(Rough the course of least resistance; paradox sublime!)

MAURICE SAGOFF.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

My heart sinks low when I behold
A corset in the store:
So was it when I first began
To wear the clothes designed by Man:
So shall it be when I grow old
Long since I swore.
I will not wear the ghastly span,
I do not wish my ribs to be
Bound each to each by boned propriety.

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

THERE's a new biscuit on the market. It is the Tookie. We do not know what tompany makes these tookies, but we understand they are tweet.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

Chesterton should have included in his "Club of Queer Trades" the gentleman who deals in the bonds and stock certificates of obsolete and busted corporations. He sells them to business men who think it amusing to paper the walls of their dens with them, or who send them out to friends as Christmas or New Year's cards. The previous owner of this curious business is said to have had records of over 300,000 firms that had departed this life, leaving behind them only a flock of beautifully engraved and expensive-looking certificates. For a few cents you can buy bonds to the face value of a hundred thousand dollars or so, though we don't know what you can do with them. Leave them lying around on the living room table, perhaps, thus giving to callers an impression of careless wealth. Or have them sticking carelessly out of your pocket when you go to explain to the butcher why you won't be giving him a check till the first of February. Or they'd make nice bridge prizes, being just as useful and less bulky than the trophies that you occasionally carry home.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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From the Life

Mary and Joseph

HER name was Maria. "In It-a-ly," she would explain softly, "they say it so. Here you say it, Ma-ry." And for a living she scrubbed the floors of a Maternity Hospital.

She was a leaf of a woman, blowing helplessly from room to room, dropping softly upon stone floors, fluttering above the rags and soapy water. What was it blew her about so? You felt certain she had been blown bewilderingly into life and had been dependent ever since upon unknown winds. You could see her watching for them expectantly and trustfully. Miles away from Italy she had been carried by one and dropped gently upon a stone floor. Where next?

Any one who was really going anywhere, like a doctor, striding purposefully down a corridor into a room and out again, could cause a small flurry at his feet. Maria would have vanished. But on the sharp breeze of his departure she would return and settle lightly down beside the pail of water. The nurses were not so disconcerting and she watched them with a question in her dark eyes. Would she be swept out quickly, or allowed to see the baby?

She would stand still and sudden as a star—blown into unexpected visibility—beside the baby. "So small and beautiful," she would whisper in confidence, looking and looking. And then out loud, politely, "And like his Pappa."

Drifting from room to room, over one stone floor exactly like the last stone floor, what was it filled her eyes with gaiety and shyness one time? Another time with awe and wonder.

One day it was death. "My uncle and aunt," she said unaccountably, lifting her gaze to the sunlight at the window, "They come from Italy to this country. There is a beautiful country here, and they have a small house. And a store. I have stay with them in the country—" She breaks off shyly and hurriedly to say:

"Oh! it is nice there! But no more again," she sighs, wringing the scrub rag with resignation. "My uncle, it was his heart; at fifty—no more. And my aunt, she die too, soon after. They love each other," she explains and looks at you questioningly. You believe it, too?—her look asks, without insisting—That one dies without love?

Her thoughts float from death to age and she is caught up into speech again, delighted by a memory. "I love to see them, the old people—so old and so happy! My grand-*father*, I leave him in Italy. Every day he looks to see if I write. Every day he walks a long distance to look for letters and to buy the tobacco for the pipe. So I save my money for the tobacco and I send him ten dollar. You know he *keep* the ten dollar?" She rocks back upon her heels entranced with the loveliness of her grandfather. "He never spend the money. He look at it always, like a picture. Because it is me . . . . And I never go back . . . . Until he is ninety-six he lives well and happy. So he dies, and still he has the ten dollar." She squeezes the rag and wipes the floor.

"No children of your own, Maria?"

She turns and looks at you fearfully. "One."

You want to tell her quickly that it is hers, certainly; that no one will take it from her.

A little girl, she tells you, watching your face as she discloses her joyous possession of this, her treasure.

"But only now I keep her. She was too little, and I have the work to do. So first a friend takes her for me. And pretty soon I am not her mamma. The friend, she calls mamma." Well, you can see that was all right too; that was natural.

But now! She is a big girl, four years. So I take her, and the janitress she watch her in the day. And I go home at night and she say "Mamma, will I make a cup of tea?" "Mamma—you are tired—" "Mamma, let me help you!"—and she takes off the shoes—

She is standing at last, transfigured, rooted for a moment, pointing to the sodden, clumsy shoes.

But even to ask carefully, "What is her name?" flutters her again into submission. She nervously handles her pail and wrings the cloth yet drier. She catches her breath:

"In Italy," she tells you anxiously, "it is the priest that gives the name? And so I wait for the priest. But here, it is the hospital. And the hospital asks me, What is her name? I have no name for her. So they ask what is her father's name? Her father's name is Joseph. So they call her Josephine. And Josephine . . . . that is a pretty name?"

But approaching footsteps sound outside in the long corridor and she stoops quickly to her pail of muddy, soapy water . . . . She lifts it lightly and, trembling, disappears . . . . She is a leaf again, and blown away.

IBBY HALL.

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34 West 28th Street
New York

Dec. 1, 1931.

To the Editor of
The Outlook
Dear Sir:

For many years your readers have been reminded at Christmas time of the big family of little children who face a fatherless Christmas in prison-shadowed homes. May I again voice a plea on their behalf, which I hope will call forth a loving response from happier homes.

For over thirty years I have made the wives and children of the prisoners my special care, and at the Christmas season we pack for them boxes of clothing and toys that bring an unexpected touch of comfort and joy to those homes that otherwise would be Christmasless.

So much has been said of gangsters and racketeers and their terrible deeds that I want to ask our friends to remember that there are thousands of men in prison of a very different type, who are patiently learning their lesson and whose families are thoroughly worthy and desperately in need of our help.

Shoes, clothing, toys and gifts of money will be most welcome. Please send all donations to Mrs. Ballington Booth, The Volunteers of America, 34 West 28th Street, New York City.

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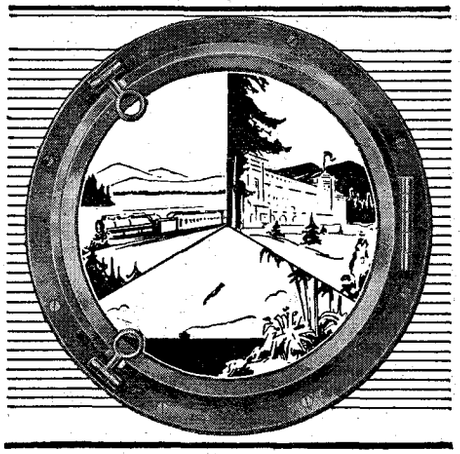

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120 E. 16TH ST. NEW YORK

T. R.'s Feud With Wilson

(*Continued from Page* 562)

sums up the beauty of American intervention . . . . He is an idealist, imbued with simple, vital idealism . . . . You are too much of a philosopher to ignore that the influence on the people of great leaders of men often exceed their personal merits, thanks to the legendary halo surrounding them. The name of Roosevelt has this legendary force in our country. . . . . You must know, Mr. President, more than one of our *poilus* asked his comrade: 'But where is Roosevelt?'. . . ."

But Marshal Joffre, who had hurried to America to ask that troops be rushed overseas, admitted to Mr. Baker that it cost from ten to fifteen thousand lives to train a major-general.

Roosevelt, in France, would have been a source of friction. In his memoirs General Pershing made no mention of the probable friction with Roosevelt. To grant the request for a Division would have "opened the door for many similar requests," he wrote. Besides, "in such a war it was necessary that officers, especially those in high command, should be thoroughly trained and disciplined." Finally, Roosevelt "was not in the best of health and could not have withstood the hard work and exposure of the training camp and trenches . . . ."

Too, war had changed. Against gas and machine guns Roosevelt's cherished "horse riflemen" were helpless. War, said President Wilson on May 5, 1917, was now "undramatic, practical and of scientific definiteness and precision."

Inevitably, Roosevelt concluded that the basis of his rejection was political. He had told the President, in the memorable interview at the White House, that he would never come back from France.

"If you can convince Wilson of that," said Root, when Roosevelt repeated the remark during a gloomy conference at the Harvard Club, "he will let you go."

Root, of course, knew better.

The fight of Roosevelt's friends for legislation which would authorize a Division under his command delayed, in the Senate, the passage of the selective service law. The two weeks which were lost might have been even longer had not Roosevelt himself urged the passage of any law which would meet the situation. His first important utterance, in an address on July 4, 1917, was a better criticism of Wilson's prosecution of the war. ". . . . The net achievement," Roosevelt said, ". . . . is a cause for profound humility . . . ."

But if Roosevelt, in his anger and disappointment, underminded public confidence in the President in time of war, he performed, at the same time, great services. Beginning in September, 1917, Roosevelt toured the country in behalf of determination, speed and a vigorous offensive in the war. Without the voice of Roosevelt in 1917 and 1918 the American offensive would unquestionably have been slower. The war would have lasted longer. His was the voice of high emotion; unfair, of course, and believing to the last incredible detail the stories of German atrocities which British propagandists sent out from the western front. It was the voice of emotion, but it did untold service in arousing the American people from their lethargy. The verdict of history may well be that Roosevelt at home, unhappy and vengeful, was far more useful than he could have been in France.

His four sons were fighting bravely and well with the American Expeditionary Force. On July 17, 1918, Roosevelt received word that Quentin, the youngest, had been killed in an aerial battle and that his plane had fallen behind the German lines. This was nearly the end. Hermann Hagedorn, who was Roosevelt's close friend, hurried to the offices of the *Metropolitan Magazine* and in the memorandum which he wrote describing that day one finds the only reference, in all the volumes that have been written about Roosevelt, that age was creeping on, that the boyishness was gone. Never was Roosevelt referred to by the usual terms used for those who have been president of the United States and have stepped down. Never was he "a veteran statesman," or the "Sage of Oyster Bay." But Hagedorn wrote, seeing Roosevelt after Quentin was dead, that the "old side of him was gone, that old exuberance . . . . the boy in him had died . . . ."

Roosevelt, himself, wrote the tribute to his son:

> Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die; and none are fit to die who have shrunk from the joy of life. Both life and death are parts of the same Great Adventure. Never yet was worthy adventure worthily carried through by the man who put his personal safety first . . . . In America today all our people are summoned to service and to sacrifice. Pride is the portion only of those who know bitter sorrow or the foreboding of bitter sorrow. But all of us who give service, and stand ready for sacrifice, are the torch-bearers. We run with the torches until we fall, content if we can then pass them to the hands of the other runners. The torches whose flame is brightest are borne by the gallant men at the front, by the gal-

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lant women whose husbands and lovers, whose sons and brothers are at the front. These men are high of soul, as they face their fate on the shell-shattered earth, or in the skies above or in the waters beneath; and no less high of soul are the women with torn hearts and shining eyes; the girls whose boy-lovers have been struck down in their golden morning, and the mothers and wives to whom word has been brought that henceforth they must walk in the shadow.

These are the torch-bearers; these are they who have dared the Great Adventure.

Not much time remained; Roosevelt's own adventure was drawing to its close. He was taken ill in February, 1918, and at the Roosevelt Hospital in New York City he was treated for an abscess on his thigh and for abscesses in his ears. He remained there for almost a month, and when he returned to Sagamore Hill the hearing was gone from his left ear. He was now half-deaf as well as blind in one eye. His vigor continued. His hatred for Wilson was not softened by news from the front that the Germans were falling back. He made two additional speaking tours, one in May and another in September, 1918, and by fall he was sounding the demand for uncompromising surrender, for peace with victory. On November 11, 1918, the day of the Armistice, he again returned to the hospital. This time it was inflammatory rheumatism, apparently induced by the fever infection from South America, but he was again able to leave and on Christmas Eve was back at Oyster Bay. He seemed to be gaining after the holidays. He was able to write letters and editorials for the Kansas City *Star*, his most recent outlet. But through all the years he had drawn too heavily upon the reservoirs of his strength. He dictated an editorial on January 5, 1919. He went to bed rather early that evening and to James Amos, his Negro valet, he said "Please put out the light." At 4 o'clock in the morning, January 6, 1919, he died. The immediate cause was an embolism, or blood clot, in the coronary artery.

For a final time the name of Roosevelt flared in the headlines. In newspaper offices in New York that morning first editions were rushed to the streets. Cables carried the news to faroff places, and on a hundred thousand masts the flag he had served and had honored fluttered down to its half-way mark of mourning. Through the Italian Alps, that morning, sped a regal train, the train of the King of Italy. In the royal coach were President and Mrs. Wilson. The President was in high spirits. It seemed as though his aspirations for an international league for peace might reach fulfillment. He had been hailed as the savior of Europe by hysterical millions who reasoned only that the war had ended. On the morning of January 6, 1919, the President was being borne toward Modane, where the train halted for a moment. Wilson remained in the railway carriage, while the newspaper correspondents strolled on the platform. They chanced to be directly opposite him, and could see him through the window, as a messenger arrived with a telegram.

They watched idly as he read it. They became interested as conflicting emotions played across the President's face. When he first glanced at the message there was surprise. Then came pity. Then came a look of transcendent triumph. A moment later the correspondents learned that the telegram had announced the death of Theodore Roosevelt.

The Solvent South

(Continued from Page 559)

ently with the increase of travel.

Returning to agriculture, we see King Cotton ruling with a powerful but tolerant hand. Federal crop statisticians now estimate a fifteen per cent decrease in cotton acreage under last year. Yet one who tours the cotton country finds little evidence of such a decrease in acreage. We passed scores and hundreds of plantations, idle for years, but this season planted in promising and well-tended crops. The famine era has unquestionably seen an increase in tilled acreage. In Arkansas, which is fairly typical, the oat crop was three times that of last year. Wheat acreage has more than doubled and the hay crop has increased from some 600,000 acres to 1,500,000 acres, which means that livestock as well as the human population will be fed.

This year finds the subjects of King Cotton working and working hard. We stopped at a wayside lunch stand where a dusky gathering were taking on nurture in the form of rare and onioned hamburgers. We inquired about the prospects for fishing.

"Moughty good, Mistah. Dis year none of de niggahs commenced de fishin' till aftah de crops was in and plowed and hoed. Plenty catfish left yit . . . . 'Cause you see lotsa dem colored folks is quit bein' so wuthless since dey quit livin' on de Red Cross."

A country merchant who has traded for almost half a century spoke in like tenor.

"Business is good hereabouts, what there is of it. Folks have learned more about sound finance this year than they have in the last thirty. They're raising their own victuals and stock feed and overhead. They're paying cash for what little they need. They're breaking loose from the shackles of credit-buying and debt."

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Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

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